

## November 2

The national elections this year fall on the Feast of the Holy Souls. This coincidence suggests—well, what does it suggest? Perhaps a sense of perspective. The choices we make at the polls are important. But fortunately our elections are not like present-day European balloting—a contest between two irreconcilable philosophies of life, one Christian, the other atheist. We should thank God for the system of free government we enjoy. Our first President often did. Towards the end of his First Inaugural he remarked:

... I shall take my present leave; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the Human Race in humble supplication that, since He has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on the form of government for the security of their union and the advancement of their happiness, so His divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures on which the success of this Government depend.

"Unparalleled unanimity" is still, thank God, the boast of the United States. We are all united in allegiance to our constitutional system. Here and there deep moral issues confront us, as in the case of civil rights. But the division is over means rather than ends. Secularism threatens our religious foundations, but this contest does not follow party lines. At election time we ought to rededicate ourselves, then, to the great purposes for which the people of the States first united: "to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity . . ." The party system is merely a means by which all of us work together for those enduring ends.

## Getting out the vote

The No. 1 problem of democracy is the people who do not seem to be interested in any of its problems. They do not even take the trouble to vote. If everyone of voting age in the United States were to cast a ballot in November, the total would be an astronomical 95 million. The highest volume of voting we ever had (1940) reached 49.8 million, a figure just shy of 60 per cent of those of voting age. From the way things look at present, a notably smaller percentage will go to the polls November 2. Registration in New York City has actually fallen two-thirds of a million below conservative estimates of the turnout. What accounts for the gap between the volume of persons of voting age and the number who actually vote? We have two million aliens in this country of voting age. They cannot vote. Most of them, we may be sure, would if they could. Neither can inmates of peni-

tentiaries, mental hospitals or "kindred institutions"—whatever they are. Then there is the legal anomaly by which residents of the nation's Capital cannot vote, even in national elections. Millions of people fail to register. In a country in which hundreds of thousands migrate from one district or one State to another every year, failure to fulfill residence requirements accounts for much non-voting, as does failure to pay poll taxes where they are still required. Disqualifications like these should be cut down by modernized electoral laws. But there remain more millions who do not vote because they simply do not take the trouble to vote. Have you ever noticed that they usually raise the loudest complaints about the caliber of men elected to public office? Some European countries compel their citizens to vote under penalty of fines. But the only votes worth counting are those of citizens with enough interest to fulfill this civic duty under their own steam.

## Aid to Austin

William Philip Simms, foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, confirms our contention (10/16) that the U.S. delegation at Paris must be reinforced. After listening to Andrei Vishinsky's "venomous tirade" of October 12, Mr. Simms wrote:

Two battles are going on here: one is to prove legally that Russia is a menace to world peace; the other is to convince world opinion that the West's case is just. . . . Americans and other Westerners remarked on leaving the hall: 'Why don't we have somebody like that on our side?' What they meant was that while it was all right and even essential to make a juridically sound case before the UN, it was equally vital to sell the case to people throughout the world. . . . What the West greatly needs to add to its staff is a Jim Reed of Missouri or a Clarence Darrow or some other rip-snorting prosecuting attorney to neutralize Mr. Vishinsky and grab some headlines throughout the world.

AMERICA had suggested Senator Vandenberg, who has an advantage over Messrs. Reed and Darrow in that he is still living and at the height of his oratorical powers. We may as well acknowledge, while there is time to do something about it, that the overworked Warren R. Austin, U.S. delegation head, who has been doing double duty in Assembly and Security Council, is losing the propaganda battle with the Russians. Not only does his front line need reinforcement, but so does his service of supply. We agree with Harold A. Keats, Amvet commander, that the State Department's "speech spooks" are doing a poor job at Paris. Mr. Keats opines that "maybe it's time they hired a police reporter or a sports writer to put our policy into an idiom that will energize the imagination of the world's people." Our suggestion is more modest and, we believe, more practicable. Come November 2, dozens of top-flight ghost writers, both

Democratic and Republican, will be looking for other halls to haunt. Why not throw a company of those ink-stained veterans into the battle of rhetoric at Paris? Even the doughty Vishinsky would quail before their attack.

### ***Toward a showdown in France***

To the political crisis in France the elections held last week provided no answer whatsoever. Their purpose was merely to designate the electors who on November 7 will choose a new Council of the Republic, the advisory second house of Parliament. Since these electors are mostly mayors and members of local councils, the balloting did little more than reflect the results of the 1947 municipal elections. Nobody really won unless it was the galaxy of splinter parties which are the curse of French politics, and nobody really lost unless it was the Communists and Popular Republicans, both of whom will have a considerably reduced representation in the new Council. The real sentiment of the French people will not be known until the next election for the National Assembly. This is scheduled for March, but may be held sooner if the politicians of the "Third Force" decide they can no longer withstand the blows of General de Gaulle on the right and the Communists on the left. If the coal strike, which the Communists called to defeat Marshall Plan recovery and which threatens to achieve that traitorous goal, continues many more days, the present coalition will have no choice. It will be forced to surrender. Any other course might have the most serious consequences for order and stability. In all probability the next few weeks will be decisive for France and the West.

### ***Kudos for America's Editor***

In the absence of our Editor-in-Chief, who as these lines are being written is attending the annual convention of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference at La Crosse, Wis., we have conspired to present him with a *fait accompli*. Were we to await his return, some less conspicuous place in the magazine—such being his modesty—might have to be found for this item, and its treatment correspondingly circumscribed. We are proud and happy, then, to tell our readers that "The Boss," the Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., Editor-in-Chief of AMERICA, was designated last week by the Executive Board of the NCRLC as the person most worthy to receive its 1948 award for an outstanding contribution to the rural-life cause. "Your concern," said the citation,

for human welfare and for the advancement of the Church led you at the inception of the NCRLC to

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recognize the merits of its sound rural philosophy. Over the years you have been an ardent protagonist of the Conference, and by your writings you have made a great contribution not only to the interpretation of its philosophy but also to its development.

For this contribution, and as a tribute to his "zeal for justice and for the rights of the downtrodden," Father LaFarge was given a plaque which will now take its place with other treasured possessions of the AMERICA staff.

### ***Exit Eire***

"Document No. 2" was a fighting issue in the Ireland of early 1922. It was Mr. De Valera's alternative to the Anglo-Irish treaty, which he had denounced as linking Ireland too closely to the British Crown. His proposal was "external association." Fourteen years later, on the occasion of Edward VIII's abdication, De Valera had his "external association" with the British Commonwealth of Nations enacted into law by Dáil Eireann. The External Relations Act of 1936 put Ireland in the position of finding it convenient to be a member of the Commonwealth and to use the King of England as an organ of foreign relations in the same manner as other member states. This led, incidentally, to the curious situation of 1939, when George VI, in conjunction with the British Parliament, declared war on Germany; in conjunction with the Irish Parliament, he remained neutral. In conjunction with the South African Parliament he had quite a time making up his mind. Next month the Act of 1936 is to be repealed; and a connection with England which, in some form or other (usually disadvantageous to Ireland), has lasted for nearly eight hundred years will be ended. Ireland will be as "foreign" to England as Belgium or the United States. This will raise serious questions in the realms of citizenship and of trade, to mention only two. Mr. Costello, Head of the Irish Government, who is skilled in international relations, and who was one of the architects of the Statute of Westminster (1931), which gave the British Commonwealth its present legal form, will doubtless be able to cope with these. In regard to Partition, the new enactment will arouse resentment in the North, but will hardly make a substantial change in the nature of this problem.

### ***Changes in Taft-Hartley Act***

According to newspaper reports, Governor Dewey's labor advisers are readying some changes in the Taft-Hartley Act in the event the Republican candidate is successful in next week's election. Among these changes will almost certainly be the abolition of elections as a prerequisite for bargaining on the union shop. Under the law as now written, an employer cannot grant a union shop unless a majority of employees in the bargaining unit vote for it in an election conducted by the National Labor Relations Board. At the present time the Board, at considerable expense, is holding about 3,000 elections a month, and in almost every case a vast majority of votes favor the union shop. Even some employers want this provision of the law abolished, especially those who are resolutely determined never to grant a union shop.

Elections have the effect of making their refusal seem altogether unreasonable. In the vast building and construction industry, where labor is mostly casual—that is, not tied to one employer—the whole machinery for union-shop elections has practically broken down. Some months ago a test election, embracing all the employees of concerns engaged in heavy construction and road building in Western Pennsylvania, gave fairly satisfactory results. However, only five unions were involved, and when the same “area” approach was tried on a larger scale in Detroit, it failed dismally despite months of preparation. Some labor experts hope that the new Congress will reopen the entire question of union security, especially the absolute ban on the closed shop. Notably where casual labor is concerned, a strong case can be made out for this kind of union security. If abuses existed under the closed shop, say these experts, the answer lies in regulation, not in absolute prohibition. At least, they argue, regulation should have been tried before such a venerable institution, favored by many employers as well as workers, was utterly destroyed. With this viewpoint, we heartily concur.

### **Bravo for Bavaria—for a change**

The cooperation demonstrated by the Catholic Church in Bavaria was generously praised by Murray D. Van Wagoner, U. S. Military Governor and former Governor of Michigan, in an interview in Washington last week. Appreciation of the function and value of religion was not always an attribute of AMG officials. Indeed AMERICA was compelled to ask editorially three years ago: “Is our Government determined to prevent religion—Catholic and Protestant—from acting as a constructive force in the rehabilitation of Germany?” For the initial administrative agents of the conquering Power were in all too many instances either astoundingly naive or criminally ignorant as they set about their task of repressing reactionary forces and encouraging democratic elements. AMG officials too hastily concluded that a religious regimen was “reactionary.” So the first Minister-President of Bavaria, Friedrich Schaeffer, leader of the Christian democratic People’s Party and a survivor of a concentration camp, was deposed under the clamor of our leftist press, which snarled its displeasure when the first elections proved his popularity. The same voices in America called Colonel Keegan, the Military Governor of Bavaria, “ineffable,” applauded the removal from his command of General Patton and wistfully sighed for the merger of the Communists and Socialists in the Western Zones. This last was thought unlikely, however, for, as Raymond Daniell complained, “any liberal movement starts off in Catholic, reactionary Bavaria, with two strikes against it.” That kind of stupidity produced witless blundering, uncorrected even when the history of the anti-nazi opposition became better known and even after analysis of election returns demonstrated that Catholic Bavaria had given Hitler the least support of any group in Germany. Very welcome, then, is the acknowledgment of the present Military Governor, a non-Catholic, that the Catholic Church is taking the lead, for

instance, in combating postwar anti-Semitism. Times change—communism is no longer considered “democratic” by AMG—and we change with the times—to a new realization of the role of religion in achieving brotherhood and opposing tyranny.

### **Slavery in the USSR**

When Christopher Mayhew, British Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, charged on October 15 at a meeting of a UN committee drafting an international declaration on human rights, that millions of Russians are living like animals in slave-labor camps, he said nothing the world does not already know. There have been cumulative and independent reports enough, often from escaped victims, to give us a high degree of moral certitude that the only question is not whether there are unfortunates in these camps, but *how many* are so confined. What was significant about Mr. Mayhew’s accusation was that it was another piece of the pattern that is emerging in this current General Assembly of the United Nations. That pattern is to lay on the line, incident after revolting incident, Russia’s violation, not only of political agreements, but of the most fundamental decencies of human life. This may seem like like trying to slay an elephant with a pea-shooter, but it is a fact that world opinion does have its weight, and an unswerving perseverance in revealing the Soviet’s ruthlessness may yet give it pause. If the claim that millions in Russia are in slave camps is a lie, as the Russian delegate to the committee charged the next day, there is only one way to prove it—open Russia to unrestricted travel and investigation by foreign correspondents and observers. Until that day comes, the free nations of the world will continue to believe, on the best of evidence, that the Russian slave camps certainly surpass in extent, and probably in brutality, anything the Nazis had. That fact must **always** temper our dealings with a regime that cynically denies it.

### **The meaning of man**

It is not too difficult to fall into the error of looking upon the work of drafting the proposed UN Declaration on Human Rights as an interesting but academic exercise, not comparable in importance with the stern work of the First Committee, which wrestles with political issues, security and the atomic bomb. Mr. Malik of Lebanon, Christian delegate from an Arab state, does not see it that way. On October 18, addressing the General Assembly, he reminded the representatives of the member states that the matter of human rights lies at the heart of the Charter. One of the reasons, in fact, for the very existence of the United Nations is “to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person. . .” (Preamble to the UN Charter). Said Mr. Malik:

I know that the topics which will be examined by the First Committee are full of excitement, but such excitement comes and goes; and what abides is the final issue of principle in the present world situation. For everybody knows by now that the ultimate issues today are all ideological, and therefore it must be clear that even the political excitement of the First



Committee derives its pathos and significance from the underlying ideological conflict. . . .

The disorder of this age, an age on which has fallen "the vengeance of the dark and primitive," is due to cynical neglect of the mind and spirit of man. Neglected, these pervert both themselves and the world. "The most important issue in the order of truth today," the Lebanese delegate concluded,

. . . is what constitutes the proper worth and dignity of man. . . . Unless this issue is rightly settled, there is no meaning to any other settlement. Do not tell me that you are going to settle Korea, and Germany, and Palestine, and atomic energy, and leave this central issue unsettled. For what is the use of a peace and a settlement in which man is left ambiguous, estranged from himself and from the truth?

Speeches like this are often crowded out in the press by "important" news. But if the UN does not heed Mr. Malik's admonitions, that will be important news; and its import will be ominous for us all.

### **Stepinac strategy in Hungary**

Father Edward Duff, of *AMERICA*, reported two weeks ago that Dr. Louis Ordass, head of the Hungarian Lutheran Church, was under arrest on charges of currency abuses. ("Clerics and Commissars." *AM.* 10/16, p. 44). Since then a workers' court has sentenced the bishop to two years' imprisonment for receiving remittances from American Lutherans without clearing the funds through the National Bank of Hungary. In New York, officials of the National Lutheran Council insist that all money sent to Hungary was sent directly through the National Bank. The charges against Bishop Ordass are manifestly only an excuse for removing an ecclesiastical figure who resisted the encroachment of the State in Church affairs. Forced resignation of the leaders of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches in April was not entirely successful. Bishop Ordass, an internationally known figure, proved unaccommodating on the issue of the nationalization of the schools; and in July the communist press was predicting: "The so very much needed change of the old guard will happen now very shortly in the Lutheran Church." In August, Minister of Information Ernest Mihályfi demanded a revamping of the Lutheran Synod and the resignation of Bishop Ordass, measures similar to the "healthy changes" adopted by the Reformed Church. A rump congress of pastors and laymen was convoked by Mihályfi to protest against "leaders of our Church." Labeled an enemy of religion and of government, the bishop was summarily arrested and sentenced with dispatch, despite the warning of the defense counsel that "the eyes of many millions of Lutherans throughout the world are upon you." The eyes of all Catholics, also, are upon the undaunted figure of Bishop Ordass as he disappears into imprisonment, and the prayers of *AMERICA*'s readers, we know, support him in his loneliness. Archbishop Stepinac has just passed his second anniversary in Tito's jail. Is Cardinal Mindszenty being provided an example nearer home of the penalty of opposing communist power? Are not Christians throughout the world, and all believers,

being offered a fresh opportunity to demand investigation by the United Nations of such violations of inalienable human rights?

### **Drive for subscribers**

First returns from our autumn subscription campaign, which are just beginning to reach us, have been encouraging. It is difficult to say whether we have been more pleased by your letters, which testify to your interest and concern, or by the concrete evidence of that concern expressed in new subscriptions. At any rate, though *AMERICA* must cede to other magazines the distinction of having a larger circulation, no publication, we are convinced, has a more loyal and enthusiastic following. Were the space available, we should like to quote from some of the letters we have received. Though we are obliged to forego this pleasure, we cannot help telling you about one of our readers who, within a few days of reading about the campaign, managed to send us subscriptions to *AMERICA* and the *Catholic Mind* totaling \$100. As we said two weeks ago, our readers are our best salesmen. If you haven't yet had time to solicit prospective subscribers, will you try to do so as soon as possible? In case you cannot sell an annual subscription, remember the special introductory offer of two dollars for twenty weeks.

### **Wisdom and the pale face**

Some burrower in the byways of history whose name eludes me just now, said the Thoughtful Observer, professes to have discovered that the Indians who sold Manhattan to the Dutch were Canarsie Indians, and had no more title to Manhattan than I have to Bikini Atoll. The immediate effect of this discovery, he continued, will of course be to convince the people of Brooklyn, of which borough Canarsie is now a part, that their innate superiority to Manhattanites goes back beyond the memory of man. This Bikini Atoll, however, went on the T.O., fixing us with an eye that would have stopped the Ancient Mariner in mid-stanza, is the place where they blew up the ships with the atom bombs. And now, two years and more later, some of the surviving ships are still too "hot" for human habitation. A little of that atomic stuff, he remarked thoughtfully, seems to go a long way. But to return to the Indians. Our unenlightened ancestors, as we read in the history books, went about the extermination of the Indians with fire and sword—though God knows this country is big enough and rich enough for us all. We rightly reject the barbarity of the early settlers, and, in our refined and progressive way, simply let the Indians starve to death. So, at least, he said, it has been with the Navajos, who live right next to the place in New Mexico where the atom bomb was put together. Now, however, it appears that uranium ores are located in the Navajo reservation, and that profits from the working of them will be used by the Indian Bureau for the sorely neglected Navajo tribes. The white man, in short, concluded the T.O., having almost destroyed the Indian's civilization, now comes to the Indian to buy the stuff that may destroy his own.



## Washington Front

Reflections of a reporter aboard President Truman's campaign train:

No President could be more genuinely humble. Now and then he falls into political bombast and exaggeration, but what Presidential candidate has said, as he did after a generous introduction recently in Illinois: "I wish I was half as good as the Senator says I am—I might be able to fill the Presidency half as well as it should be filled and as I pray I may be able to fill it."

Mr. Truman never will know how to dish out a speech effectively. He has no idea how to emphasize words to give a sentence lift and drama, and he flubs his punch lines. He says "b'lieve" and "gonna" and "whad d'ye do?" and "howja like to meet my family?" But most Americans talk that way—and nobody is more American than Harry Truman.

There are few trappings and little gold braid connected with Mr. Truman's appearances. On the grillwork of his train's rear platform as he steps out to speak is a chaste round metal disc bearing the seal of the President—and that's all.

The President is forever the Missouri country boy translating a world into terms he knew on the farm. Recently he told how he estimates the size of crowds he addresses: "I figured out that in an acre there are 4,850

square yards and that there ought to be at least two people to the square yard." "When you have an acre of people you have 9,600 people and when you have ten acres you have 96,000. I would say we have about five acres of people here this afternoon."

Mr. Truman likes to be friendly with people on local terms. In Greenfield, Ind., he talks of James Whitcomb Riley; in Danville, Illinois, of Abe Lincoln, and so on. On Columbus Day he remarked to an audience how "Old Columbus" would be truly amazed if he could come back now and see the land he discovered.

Other candidates stage an entrance to squeeze every bit out of it theatrically in the way of response and applause. Not Harry Truman. He may sit through a long-winded introduction and then arise unceremoniously and whip right into his speech. He carries his own speech notebook and places it on the lectern before him; sometimes if the microphone isn't just where he wants it he pulls it into position.

Nobody could be more proud of a wife and daughter than Harry Truman. He beams all over the train platform every time he introduces them.

The President is deadly serious every minute he is trying to tell the people why he should be elected—and for him there's nothing uncouth about making a direct appeal to the folks to get out and vote for him. Reporters following him do not doubt his intense earnestness.

If Harry Truman is beaten on November 2 he may re-enter Missouri politics in a bid for either a Senate or House seat.

CHARLES LUCEY

## Underscorings

On October 18, at the Alexian Brothers Hospital in Chicago, died Archbishop Francis L. Beckman, retired Ordinary of the Dubuque, Iowa, archdiocese. The late Archbishop was born Oct. 25, 1875 and was ordained in 1902. He was appointed Bishop of Lincoln, Neb., in 1923, and from 1926 to 1928 administered the diocese of Omaha. In 1930 he became Archbishop of Dubuque; and in 1946 was forced by illness to retire. He was one of the co-founders of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade in 1918, and was chairman of its executive board from that time until his death.

► The New York chapter of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists has awarded the first annual Quadregesimo Anno Medal to John Quincy Adams, president of the Manhattan Refrigerator Company and of the Union Cold Storage Company of New York. The medal is awarded to "an individual who makes an outstanding contribution to the Christian solution of industrial problems." Mr. Adams is founder and first president of the Catholic Institute of the Food Industry, an organization to promote Catholic social principles in that industry.

► The Canadian hierarchy has now established an episcopal organization in Canada similar to our NCWC.

The decision to create such an organization was taken in 1943. Msgr. Paul Bernier, and later Father Beaudoin, made lengthy studies of the NCWC set-up in Washington for the guidance of the Canadian bishops.

► A new national magazine, *Renascence*, is now on the stocks at Marquette University, Milwaukee, and will appear in November. It will be the organ of the Catholic *Renascence* Society, which was founded in 1938 to encourage interest in the Catholic revival of letters. Dr. John Pick, of the Marquette English faculty, will edit *Renascence*.

► In a letter addressed to the International Congress of the National Directors of the League of the Sacred Heart, meeting in Rome, Pius XII gave special praise to "the Sacred Heart Program, which recently has reached an audience of over 15 million listeners, and goes out over 600 stations, thus reaching those in the public forum and in the sanctuary of homes." Father Arthur McGratty, S.J., U.S. National Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, brought the Holy Father the greetings of 6 million members of the Apostleship in this country.

► *Criterion*, Negro weekly published in Buffalo, expresses its editorial opinion that "the Catholic Church is the greatest organized force fighting racial discrimination throughout the United States today." Where others "hit one blow and call it a day," says *Criterion*, the Church "hits hard, repeatedly, incessantly and uncompromisingly."

C. K.

# Editorials

## Corwin scores

### McCullum decision

On Thursday evening, October 14, the tide of eminent American legal judgment turned against the McCollum decision. Up to that hour only popular feeling and the efforts of conscientious and competent, but not eminently authoritative, writers formed a breakwater against the onrush of secularism set up by the Supreme Court when it declared released-time programs of religious instruction in the public schools unconstitutional. The prospects of reversing the decision depended on whether some authority on American constitutional law would throw into the defense enough prestige and learning to remove all doubts about the weakness of the Court's position.

Dr. Edward S. Corwin, one of the three top American scholars in the field of our constitutional history, has taken this step. In a nineteen-page lecture delivered before the Men's Club of Christ Church (Methodist) in New York City, he has fully substantiated the constitutional objections of Mr. John L. Franklin, attorney for the Champaign Board of Education, of Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., in *The First Freedom*, and of Rev. Robert C. Hartnett, S.J., in his *AMERICA* articles, reprinted in the America Press booklet, *Equal Rights for Children*. He has, besides, contributed several brilliant objections of his own.

No one can question Dr. Corwin's authority. Brought to Princeton University by Woodrow Wilson in 1905, he rose to the position of McCormick Professor of Jurisprudence in 1918 and honored that post by his lectures and writings for twenty-eight years. He has published no less than fifteen volumes in the field of American constitutional law, besides several other notable contributions in closely related fields of political science. His work on *The President: Office and Powers* (1940) is the standard treatise on the constitutional apparatus of our Chief Executive. The members of the Supreme Court cannot ignore the weight of his historical learning and legal acumen.

"My principal interest in this case," he declared, "is not in the question of its practical soundness, but in that of its constitutional soundness; in the question, in brief, whether the Constitution *does* require that all public-supported education be kept strictly secular." He cannot reconcile the McCollum decision with the judicial approval given to New Jersey's system of reimbursing the parents of children attending private schools for extraordinary transportation costs, or with the approval given the Louisiana system of providing free textbooks to children of public and private schools alike. "Federal appropriations in support of free lunches for school chil-

dren embrace parochial schools, presumably on the same justification. Are, however, these holdings invalidated by the McCollum decision?" He thinks not—though it contradicts them.

As for what he calls "the alleged constitutional 'principle of Separation of Church and State,'" Dr. Corwin argues: "In short, it is my contention that Justice Rutledge sold his brethren a bill of goods." The First Amendment was never before interpreted to mean that Congress could not support religion, provided it did so without discrimination. The "historical" argument from Madison is invalid. Madison never pretended, when he proposed the First Amendment, that it meant any more than a prohibition of any action by Congress establishing a State church. That in the days of his retirement he "carried the principle of Separation of Church and State to pedantic lengths" (objecting even to the proclamation of a Day of Thanksgiving by the President) is neither here nor there. "In all these respects, of course, Madison has been steadily overruled by the verdict of practice under the Constitution, as Justice Reed points out. . . ."

As for Jefferson, besides the fact that he was in Paris when the First Amendment was adopted, Dr. Corwin cites his suggestion that provision be made at the University of Virginia whereby religious sects could conduct religious exercises on public premises. Justice Story, whose opinion as a leading constitutional authority and member of the early Court (1811-1845) should weigh heavily in the scales, contended that "the general, if not universal, sentiment of America was that Christianity ought to receive encouragement from the State," and the First Amendment was adopted in full view of that attitude.

Dr. Corwin points out, we think conclusively, how irreconcilable is the McCollum decision with that in the Oregon School case and even with recent decisions of the present Court. It is hard to see how the Justices can save their judicial self-respect unless they begin an early retreat from what is here stigmatized as a blunder on a par with the Dred Scott decision.

Finally, this question may be asked. Is the decision favorable to democracy? Primarily democracy is a system of ethics, and that this system of ethics, so far as the American people are concerned, is grounded in religion will not be denied by anybody who knows the historical record. And that the agencies by which this system of ethics has been transmitted in the past from generation to generation—the family, the neighborhood, the church—have today become much impaired, will not be seriously questioned by anybody who knows anything about contemporary conditions. But what this all adds up to is that the work of transmission has been put more and more upon the shoulders of the public schools. Can they, then, do the job without the assistance of religious instruction? At least the popular verdict seems to be to the contrary.

The very evil which Justice Holmes so cogently condemned, that of judges imposing their personal prepossessions on the American people under the guise of constitutional interpretation, has been revived by those who boast of their allegiance to his constitutionalism. It is a heartening sign when an outstanding scholar has the courage to apply to the present Court the Holmesian epithets of "naive, simple-minded men"—one mark of naiveté of mind being "its preference for slogans over solutions."

Dr. Corwin has done all a great scholar can do to make his prediction about the McCollum decision come true: "Its history will not be a happy one, probably not a very extended one."

## ***Ilse Koch goes to Washington***

On October 18 President Truman called upon Senator Ferguson's investigating committee for a complete record of its hearings in the case of Ilse Koch, the mistress of Buchenwald concentration camp, whose sentence of life imprisonment for alleged atrocities was recently reduced to four years by the official Army Review Board. Senator Ferguson responded to the Presidential request with alacrity, saying that he was "pleased to note that the President is now interested in this case."

We share the Senator's satisfaction, though not, we suspect, for the same reasons. (Michigan's junior Republican Senator knew full well that the President was prying at the lid of a veritable Pandora's box.) We are pleased because we are sure that in its three weeks of hearings, the Committee uncovered evidence which will convince the President that he cannot study the Ilse Koch case in isolation from other war crimes cases; that he must, in fact, consider it in the context of the whole history of our administration of justice in Germany.

Mr. Truman will learn at once that the sentence of Frau Koch was not the only one reviewed and subsequently lightened by the Army Board. He will want to know, we feel certain, why the other sentences were also reduced. Why were the original sentences, such as those in the Malmedy case, considered too harsh? Could it be that vengeance, not justice, presided over those early war crimes trials? Did the Army Review Board change those sentences because they found truth in the charges that U.S. officials had mistreated and even tortured German witnesses, and threatened to turn them over to the Russians if they refused to testify as the prosecutors prescribed? Is it true that many of those witnesses signed affidavits afterward, admitting that they testified falsely under duress?

The President will not read far in the record of the war crimes courts before coming upon the case of one Dr. Sievers, the German resistance leader who was convicted and executed despite trustworthy testimony that he had joined the Nazi Party only in order to prepare for the revolution against Hitler, and that as a party member he had saved the lives of many anti-Nazi Germans. It will be surprising if the President does not call for a review of all the sentences imposed by our courts

while the "hate-all-Germans" policy dominated our conduct of the war crimes trials.

While he is about it, President Truman might take an interest too in the last of the great Nuremberg trials, in which the defendants are Baron Ernst von Weizsaecker, war-time ambassador to the Vatican, and twenty other Nazi Ministers of State. It has been reported recently from Germany that the U.S. Military Government is investigating charges that the office of Robert M. W. Kempner, chief prosecutor, has been trying to discredit testimony in behalf of Von Weizsaecker by Dr. Philip Etter, former President of Switzerland. (Mr. Kempner is notorious for his refusal to recognize any distinction between Nazi and anti-Nazi Germans, even when the latter were acknowledged resistance leaders.) Dr. Etter testified that the defendant had shown himself a "true friend of Switzerland" by revealing Hitler's plans to conquer that country. It is alleged that Mr. Kempner's staff sent photostats and officially certified records of the trial to Swiss leftist newspapers for use in a campaign to discredit the defense witness. If President Truman reflects, he will remember that much the same procedure brought about Ilse Koch's condemnation as a sadistic murderess by the world's press long before she was tried by the U.S. tribunal at Dachau.

If his study of the Koch case leads the President to the fundamental trouble, the over-all policy of our prosecutors in Germany, he can hardly help calling for a readjustment of that policy. For what will it profit us to have exorcised the Morgenthau mentality from our German economic and political policies if we continue to give it free rein in our legal procedures?

## ***European labor***

In the September-October number of *Labor and Nation*, Adolf Sturmthal, author of *The Tragedy of European Labor*, records his impressions after a recent trip to England and the Continent. Primarily concerned with ideological currents in European unionism, Mr. Sturmthal was surprised to learn that since he was last abroad, ten years ago, little change has occurred in the thinking of labor leaders. For the most part, he found the same men in power now as before the war, with no new theoretical concepts and still as troubled as ever by the "inner uncertainty" which became acute after the rise of fascism and nazism. Indeed, the inner uncertainty had grown. Now, except for the minority which sold out to the Communists, European labor leaders have lost all confidence in the "Socialist Fatherland" in the East. The raping and plundering of the Red Army and the ruthless suppression of democratic socialism in Eastern Europe saw to that.

To appreciate Mr. Sturmthal's observations, one must remember that organized labor on the Continent is mainly Marxist. There were Christian trade unions in pre-war Austria, and in Italy and Germany before Mussolini and Hitler. There are still thriving Christian labor movements in France, Belgium and Holland, which are bound together in the International Confederation of Christian



Trade Unions. But the continental labor movement was, and is, predominantly Marxist, with Socialists and Communists vying for control.

In one important aspect, socialist theory has long been at variance with the facts of contemporary industrial life, and this has contributed to ideological uncertainty. Mr. Sturmthal recalls that a German Social Democratic leader, August Bebel, predicted at the party congress in 1903 that few among the delegates would not be present to witness the final collapse of capitalism. Such a collapse was an integral part of Marxist theory: its coming was supposed to be as inevitable as the changing seasons, or the rising and setting of the sun. But capitalism, after the turn of the century, revealed an unsuspected toughness and adaptability. It refused to die. More and more, socialist leaders, fearful that revolution would play into the hands of the Communists, turned to peaceful social change as the real goal of their movement. But in thus working out an adjustment to capitalist society they did violence to Marxist logic.

The second shock to socialist thinking was the rise of fascism. There was supposed to be only one alternative to capitalism—which was, of course, socialism. Yet here was another movement which swept everything before it, including the workers and their unions.

The final blow to a once-imposing ideological structure was the betrayal of socialism by the Stalin gang in Russia. Even though critical of certain phases of Soviet rule, most continental labor leaders, especially after 1936, found consolation in thinking about Russia. There social ownership of the means of production was a fact, and this seemed to demonstrate the validity of their theory. And there, too, was the Red Army, standing as a bulwark against their mortal enemies, the Fascists.

Now even this last lingering hope is dead.

The old dogmas, then, are breaking up, and there are no new ones to take their place. As Mr. Sturmthal says:

No one seems yet to have drawn the main inferences from these experiences and developed new vistas for the European labor movement. In the meantime, the latter is carrying on its business with a tremendous amount of moral courage, a good deal of success, but an almost complete absence of perspective and a lack of ideological discussion which, in a movement traditionally guided by ideology, indicates a profound malaise.

How long, one wonders, will the ideologically uncertain Socialists of the West be able to continue their brave struggle against communism? How long can they defer re-examination of theories which no longer hold water?

For the future of Europe, these questions are very important, and they concern more people than the Socialists themselves. Is it foolish to hope that European labor leaders may seek an answer to their ideological uncertainty in the Christian trade unions in their midst? What these unions lack in numbers they more than supply by a clear-cut philosophy, a philosophy tested by time and furnishing a solid foundation for cherished Socialist ideals of human dignity and democracy. If European labor wants an alternative to Marxism and fascism, we suggest that it can find one here.

## ERP—the goal in sight?

Any rearguard isolationists in our midst, and particularly those who dearly love to twist the tail of the British lion, might take a look at what is actually happening in England before they return to the still-heard charge that the Europeans—and especially the British—gobble up our European Reconstruction Program aid greedily and ungratefully, and with little eagerness to work for their own rehabilitation.

The record shows, as Ambassador Sir Oliver Franks stated recently, that Britain has "reached the high road of recovery," though there is still a long way to go and many uncomfortable turns may lie ahead. This progress is due, not only to the self-discipline of the British people, which all observers from abroad praise, but also, as Sir Oliver gratefully acknowledges, to the prospect and realization of aid under the European Reconstruction Program which "were the firm basis upon which our continual recovery has been built."

But to head towards recovery under ERP, England had to fulfill certain conditions that were not very pleasant. The most far-reaching was her agreement, recently announced, to curtail a considerable part of the program of her Socialist Government, if and when it became clear that continuance of that program would render ERP a more expensive venture for the United States. This could readily occur, for example, if hospitalization and housing were to consume materials that could be exported. It is no small proof of England's sincere determination to use ERP funds efficiently that her Government is willing to delay internal political steps toward the realization of that brave new world which the British demanded as a reward for their war sacrifices when they abandoned their beloved Winnie Churchill to undertake a socialist program.

In addition to being a resounding token of their realism, this step has a further result: it shows the other European recipients of ERP aid just what Great Britain is doing to get back on its own feet. This knowledge may go far toward injecting a little determination into the French, who have been wavering as to how they are going to render themselves progressively independent of such aid. This would signal not only a great gain for France economically, but might very well largely silence the French communist opposition to ERP, despite orders from the Kremlin.

These facts, plus another revealed in the first annual report of the European council for the Marshall Plan—that dollar deficits in the recipient countries will be almost three billion dollars less than in 1947—show not only that ERP is succeeding economically but, what is perhaps even more significant, that it is winning cooperation among nations.

Remember how the "let-Europe-stew-in-its-own-juice" boys used to refer to the Marshall Plan as "Operation Rathole"? It becomes clearer every day that it really was, and is, as Sir Oliver Franks gratefully calls it, an act of "beneficent imagination unparalleled in the history of the world."

# Our GI's in Germany

Robert A. Graham

In AMERICA for November 29, 1947 Father Graham published his impressions of our American community in Germany—occupation personnel and their families—as they looked to him on a first visit. Now, a year later, he gives us a second view.

Grafenwöhr, a small village of Oberpfalz in the north-east corner of Bavaria, has been a center of military maneuvers for almost a hundred years. It was first used by the Kings of Bavaria; then it was taken over by the Imperial Army in 1914; doubtless it was the scene of exercises prior to Hitler's invasion of Poland in 1939. This September, Grafenwöhr and the country for thirty miles around it were the staging area for the largest maneuvers conducted by the Army of Occupation since the close of the war.

In an operation with the unprovocative name of "Exercise Normal," the 16th, 18th and 26th Regiments of the First Division were engaged in counter-attacking an "Aggressor Force" coming down from the north. The 2d Constabulary Regiment, which, like the rest of the Constabulary, will soon drop its policing duties and be transformed into a light-armored unit, had the mission of being the villain in the piece. About 15,000 men were involved, and they were assembled from stations all over the American zone. It was an ideal opportunity for an observer from the States to get a fair cross-section of that group of GI's who make up the business end of the occupation forces.

Although many of the units had been at Grafenwöhr under semi-field conditions for six months and had begun to realize why the Germans themselves reportedly called it "Siberia," their morale had risen perceptibly with the approach of "Exercise Normal." At the moment of my arrival a vigorous campaign was under way for volunteer extensions of enlistments, and the results among the four regiments had exceeded all expectations. There is no doubt that the First Division and the Constabulary have a very strong pride in their record. When I asked the Adjutant of one regiment of the First Division how he accounted for the success of the campaign for extension of overseas duty he refused to give any other reason than "pride in the unit." However, a cook of another unit, quizzed in his open-air kitchen in a Bavarian wood just before the operation, had his own explanation. Pausing with cleaver in mid-air, he said, "The boys don't want to leave their Fräuleins." Motives no doubt are mixed but, whether they know it or not, many have probably decided in effect that they are professional soldiers. "I came into the Army during the war when I was eighteen and I don't know anything else," said one. Inasmuch as the authorities do not expect any large influx of draftees into the European Command, the occupation forces in Germany will continue to be predominantly Regular Army.

Three or four days of casual approaches followed by systematic questioning are enough to reveal the great variety of people who wear the uniform of the U.S. Army and the futility of trying to generalize about them. One otherwise intelligent Pfc (equivalent to the former cor-

poral) said frankly that he enlisted back in the States because his money was running out. He was grieved, however, because the pickings had not proved as easy as he had anticipated, particularly after the currency reform put a major dent in the black market. Another stated he could get along better in the Army; he would have had to wait for months to get back his old job in an electrical-products factory in Jersey City. He said that he was sending home a hundred dollars a month out of a base pay of \$108. He was spending only eight dollars a month for personal expenses—unless he was operating in the black market with PX-purchased goods. Since, according to his own account, he neither drank nor smoked (and the number of non-drinkers and non-smokers seems surprisingly high) he probably could live quite easily on eight dollars a month. The GI in this case was engaged to marry a girl in the United States. Moreover, he had with him in the regiment his own brother, who expected soon to qualify for officer-candidate school. By contrast with this rather encouraging example, I met another pair of youths not ten yards farther on who each owed the Army something in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars as a result of a "misunderstanding" about allotments. They are perforce continuing their Army service until they pay back the sum in full.

This last pair were hardly more than twenty or so, and their story gave some support to the contention advanced earlier by the huge master sergeant of a transportation company. "This life in Germany is no good for youngsters. It's their first time away from their mothers' apron-strings, and they want to make up for their lack of years by the amount of schnapps they drink. They are the ones who get into the fights. And who's surprised when the next thing you know they are in the VD line-up?"

In 1947, according to figures supplied by the EUCOM Division of Public Information at Heidelberg, two-thirds of the enlisted men coming into the European Command were under twenty-one, although figures for recent arrivals in 1948 show that only half are under 21, indicating a temporary slight rise in the average age of replacements. Regimental commanders have been promised replacement in February, which presumably will consist of those thousands who enlisted under the indirect pressure of the draft. When that happens, the problem of the too-young GI will recur again to plague not only chaplains, but CO's and master sergeants as well. The First Division, for example, will always have a high proportion of young men if it is to maintain itself as an effective combat outfit.

The problem cannot be met simply by saying that the Army is no place for a young man of good character. To the question whether he would encourage his own son to enlist in his own unit, the Personnel Officer of one regiment, who certainly sees all sides of life passing be-

fore him, replied that he would, provided that son possessed good judgment, was ambitious and not easily influenced by the example of others. Actually, as I found on examination of regimental records, the GI who gets into trouble has only himself to blame. He has opportunities for advancement and self-improvement that would be the envy of a man of his age in civilian employment. If he wants to, he can finish his high-school education, and in addition go to school to improve his own specialty—typing, baking, music, radio or electricity. One GI in the 16th who had not finished high school was trying to do that while qualifying for tests to enter West Point. Thanks to excellent special service programs, they have good facilities for free-time activities. At least one camp had several telephone booths for long-distance telephone calls, where the GI could spend all his pay on hour-long talks with his girl friend in, say, Augsburg, while he munched buttered popcorn purchased for a nominal charge a few steps away. This was at Grafenwöhr, supposedly under field conditions, just before the maneuvers began. I confess that I found many of the complaints of soldiers rather unconvincing, such as the one about the semi-compulsory savings plan inaugurated by a CO, or about Jack Benny's not coming to Grafenwöhr.

One Commanding Officer, speaking of the welfare opportunities afforded the GI, took occasion to draw a contrast. The previous night he had attended a very mediocre movie, one of several such, which over 1,500 of his men crowded in to see. "Yet," he said, "my chaplains cannot get anybody to go to services." He added that his last Catholic chaplain had gone back to the States half-believing himself to be a failure. Inasmuch as the chaplain in question was a priest with a brilliant war record and gifted with all the qualities men admire, this may indicate some of the difficulties and discouragements faced by these men, who work against obstacles comparable perhaps only to those met by missionaries in pagan lands.

Mention has been made of black-marketing. This type of abuse, while universal, is petty. The American, whether as an official or as an individual, is not in Germany as an exploiter. The whole current of occupation policy is against a general plundering of Germany. The failures are those of personal morality.

Reports on the conduct of American personnel representing us abroad prompted Secretary of the Army Kenneth Royall, some time ago, to send a special investigator whose mission was "to personally examine, among other things, miscellaneous criticisms re security, crime record, immorality, drunkenness and general demeanor and conduct of the Army of Occupation by various critics, male and female." The investigator, Orville J. Taylor, special assistant to the Secretary, completed his report, which was released on May 6 of this year. He made no recommendations, but concluded by expressing his conviction that the Army of Occupation was doing a "fine job," making "due allowances" for the abnormal conditions which prevail in Europe today.

Although the Taylor report has all the earmarks of an official whitewash, the problems dealt with are far too serious to justify frivolous carping. This is especially

true since I am convinced from observations during two visits to Germany in successive years that the authorities are really in the main sincere in their attempts to cope with the inevitable human problems inherent in military occupation. Consequently, when the special investigator comments frankly, for instance, that "in the matter of morals, it is undoubtedly true that large numbers of occupation personnel, both civilian and military, have in the past established relations with indigenous personnel" ("established" is a well-chosen word), or that "it would be disingenuous not to concede that such liaisons do exist and on a very large scale" (up to fifty per cent according to some estimates, but who really knows?), or that "the continental attitude toward extra-marital relationships has always been somewhat different from our own,



and Germany is no exception" (one pastor reported that a third of his baptisms were of illegitimate children), it serves no good purpose to indulge in fruitless criticisms. On the other hand, easy toleration is not warranted. Religious leaders can hardly be expected to adopt as their own the view put forward by the military authorities, and accepted by Mr. Taylor, that such de-

meanor has not interfered with the efficiency of the persons concerned and does not justify drastic action.

Reports like that just mentioned help one to understand the major pastoral problem currently facing the chaplains in Germany—that of GI marriages with German women. EUCOM statistics reveal that a total of 19,044 war brides and their dependent children were sent to the United States from the U.S. occupation zones between March 5, 1946 and August 13, 1948. Of this list about half are German. Applications for government transportation to the United States had been approved, as of August 23, for 4,244 war brides and their 1,947 dependents. In this group almost all are Germans. The number of war brides applying in the second quarter of this year for transportation to the United States at government expense is almost double the number applying in the first quarter. An announcement from the headquarters of the European Command has attributed the sudden burst of applications in part to couples seeking to beat the deadline of the Alien Spouse Act, which expires on December 27th. The large number of children of war brides who, if existing regulations were observed, have been married to an American only one month is due partly to the fact that many German women had children by previous husbands, killed in the war, and partly to the common-law marriages involved.

No doubt some of these marriages will stick. One chaplain recounted a case in which the GI concerned had \$4,000 in savings, owned a lot and already had the house half paid for. Furthermore, he said to the chaplain: "Father, you may not believe this, but I was never al-



lowed to bring her anything. Look at her clothes—only the kind you can buy in German stores. She has never been to a GI club or an American movie house. I have met her only in her parents' home." Father did have a hard time believing it, because most of the cases he is called upon to approve involve an American who has no money at all, much less a house and lot; or a German who has one idea in her head—to get to America, regardless of whom she has to marry to get there.

The powers that be are disinclined to take any decisive action on this marriage problem. It may be that they are at their wits' end about what to do. They say these marriages can't be stopped. The chaplains answer that the public interest is injured by this unchecked influx of persons who, by the common estimate of both Americans and Germans, are, with certain conspicuous exceptions, the worst representatives of the women of Germany. They feel that at least these women should not be given special privileges such as they are now entitled to under the Alien Spouse Act, soon to expire unless renewed.

Both the military authorities and the chaplains realize it will take more than an Act of Congress adequately to cope with the tendency to low moral standards among the military and civilian personnel who make up the occupation. Undoubtedly one of the most powerful stabilizing factors has been the bringing over of the families of officers and the men in the first three grades. This, however, has added to the burden of the chaplains, since the Army makes no allowances for dependents when calculating the quota of chaplains in the theatre. But this expensive operation has paid good dividends in morale.

More recently, Character Guidance Councils have been established in the European Command, in response to a general directive of the Chief of Staff, General Omar Bradley. According to the EUCOM announcement, this

program is designed to "encourage the development of moral, spiritual and psychological approaches to self-discipline." It is founded on the assumption that the Army has an obligation to the parents of the youthful soldier to duplicate the wholesome influences of the home and the community, so far as is practicable under conditions of military service. It is too early to discover how serious the Department of the Army in general, and EUCOM in particular, are about this program. Early in September the Catholic chaplains went into retreat after receiving assurances of full support in their work from Lieut. General Clarence Huebner. On the occasion of a personal interview at Heidelberg, General Huebner, who is Mr. Occupation Soldier himself, repeated his views to me: "I want all our chaplains to have the opportunity to get together periodically to recapture their vision and to help each other. When even the chaplains get discouraged and lose their way, then the situation is really bad."

The success of such programs as the Character Guidance Councils does not depend on one man, even though he wears three stars on his shoulders and enjoys, as Huebner does, the esteem of the chaplains. With reason the military authorities decline to assume responsibility for past and present neglect and inaction on the part of religious leaders or the civilian populace at home. This is now the fourth year of occupation, and abuses can no longer be shrugged off by military and civilians alike as transitory postwar accidents. It would be extremely regrettable if, in an unfortunate political moment, the unsatisfactory moral standards of our occupation forces came to figure largely in public clamor to withdraw all American troops from Germany. In a certain sense the security of America's political position in Europe vis-à-vis the Soviet Union depends on our capacity to meet the grave human problems in Germany among our GI's.

## Rebirth of a cathedral

**Martin J. Hillenbrand**

Cologne was once a great city on the Rhine, with a famous cathedral whose twin spires were a local landmark visible from afar to the oncoming traveler. Cologne today is a huge agglomeration of rubble and ruin in which the twin spires of its cathedral, still standing, continue to dominate the skyline. Even closed to the public and sorely wounded, the massive Gothic structure remained an inspiration and a symbol of hope to the citizens of Cologne living in their cellars and patched-up shelters. Now, after more than three years, the cathedral is once again open for worship; and the simultaneous celebration last August of its reopening and the seven hundredth anniversary of the laying of its cornerstone marked a high point of civic spirit and religious revival in postwar Germany.

I was fortunate enough to be in Cologne over the weekend of August 14 and 15, when the celebration was at its

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height. It culminated on Assumption Day in a great procession through the streets of Cologne to the Cathedral, in a pontifical High Mass celebrated by the papal legate, Cardinal Micara, and, during the afternoon, in a giant assembly in the undamaged municipal stadium. The actual schedule of events continued until August 22, with a pontifical High Mass each day, celebrated by one of the six visiting Cardinals and more than twenty bishops. Daily lectures on the theme "Christendom and Europe" were given by prominent philosophers and workers from various countries. At the same time, all of the cultural organizations of the city—the symphony orchestra, the municipal theatre and choral groups—joined in presenting an extensive program of appropriate music and drama.

There was, of course, much color and pageantry, a happy blending of that ceremonial splendor and feeling

for tradition which even its critics concede to the Catholic Church. The casual visitor must have been impressed by the external manifestations of organization, religious ritual and cultural heritage. But more important was the rebirth of hope and an infusion of new spiritual vitality which accompanied the events of those days. To measure such intangibles is impossible; but those present as observers were uniformly moved by the capacity for faith and fervor which remained among the ruins.

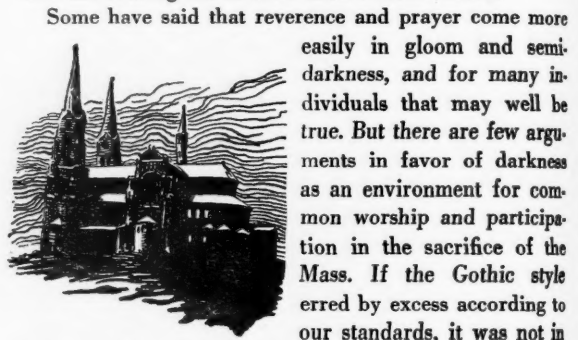
This strengthening of faith and hope among participants at a public function is sometimes overlooked; the emotions aroused may be purely ephemeral. In postwar Germany, however, a country dreary and sick of spirit, the mere possibility of reawakening faith and hope assumes significance. For if there is anything which Germany needs today it is these. Faith, not in the idols of the past fifty years—which are discredited and destroyed—but in those enduring common values which are an achievement of our high Western culture.

The Cathedral itself, the seventh centennial of which was the occasion for all this, is actually only about two-thirds restored. The apse and transept are fully in use, but only two sections of the nave and aisles have been repaired; the rest are walled off, pending eventual reconstruction of the roof and other damaged portions. The great spires, 515 feet high, remain basically intact, but the main entrances under them are, of course, unusable for the time being. It will be many years before the task of restoration is complete, for the work will go more slowly now that the major portion is once more open to the public. The multifarious external pockmarks made by bomb fragments, the headless and armless statues, will need to be individually and laboriously patched by hand. Then, too, there is a shortage of money after the German currency reform of June, and a need for concentrating on the rebuilding of homes in the shattered city. Characteristic of the spirit with which the people of Cologne view their cathedral, however, was the pronounced absence of the grumbling which might have been expected, the complaints about wasting manpower and materials on a church when so many lack even the minimum essentials of housing. Visitors remarked this spiritual sense of values.

The guiding and driving energy behind the work of reconstruction so far has been provided by Prelate Franz Mueller, a big hulk of a man with an equally big heart, keenly sensitive to the symbolic role of the cathedral in the life of the city. He is strongly supported, of course, by Cardinal Frings. During previous visits to Cologne, while being escorted by Dr. Mueller through the still closed edifice to be shown the progress of the work, I was impressed by the familiar yet respectful way in which he was greeted on all sides by masons, carpenters, woodcarvers, glassworkers, painters and other employes, as well as by his intelligent appreciation of the role which pride and joy in craftsmanship played in their work. Any pride which he himself may have felt in their achievement was justified as the cathedral doors were thrown open to the public on the morning of August 15.

For the cathedral restored is indeed a thing of beauty.

Purist critics, thinking in terms of Chartres or Notre Dame, have in the past belittled its proportions, its inclusion of characteristics of different French Gothic churches. Such technical deficiencies may well exist, but if beauty is that property which renders the contemplation of an object pleasurable, who will deny it to the cathedral of Cologne? Today this is a cathedral of light. On earlier visits when the roof was only temporarily patched and the windows gaping, I had been amazed by features of the Gothic brought to my attention for the first time, and I had wondered whether this clarity could be preserved. To a large extent it has been; and as I watched the light stream through the great windows and flood the interior before High Mass, I could not but think how wrong we are to envision the Gothic church primarily in terms of vaulted gloom, of mysterious dim light, relieved only by the colored glow of the stained glass, itself often predominantly somber. During the medieval centuries, before the glass windows had darkened and increasingly shut out the light, the Gothic churches of Europe must have been relatively bright, and the soaring lift of their arches more visible.



Some have said that reverence and prayer come more easily in gloom and semi-darkness, and for many individuals that may well be true. But there are few arguments in favor of darkness as an environment for common worship and participation in the sacrifice of the Mass. If the Gothic style erred by excess according to our standards, it was not in

the way of too little light but in the facts of physical configuration and interior arrangement.

After the Pontifical High Mass on Assumption Day, an architectural and liturgical expert might well have reflected on the changing concepts of Catholic worship, on the difference between the medieval ideal of awe-filled veneration at a distance and our modern ideal of common participation in the holy mysteries, of praying the Mass. The Gothic cathedral, with its elongated choir and nave, with its transept arms largely out of the line of direct vision to the sanctuary, seems almost designed to keep as many people as possible visually and actually far away from the high altar. One may well think that perhaps some of the praise we give to the Gothic style for its happy functionalism needs to be revised, or at least limited to an acknowledgment of its suitability for a different time and outlook. The problem today is, of course, to keep the modern functional church from looking like just another movie house, to combine with its features of clear visibility and audibility some architectural expression of prayer and spiritual striving comparable to that so perfectly achieved in the high Gothic style.

Of many other events during the celebration, I shall mention only the reception ceremony sponsored by the city in the University of Cologne auditorium on the morning of August 14, the great mass demonstration during

the afternoon of August 15 in the municipal stadium and the cycle of dramatic productions extending over a two-week period presented by the municipal theatre.

The municipal reception was impressive as a civil ceremony carried through with dignity and a welcome formality amid the disorder and disarrangement of post-war Germany. Some of the speeches were, perhaps, a bit longer than they need have been, but the enthusiasm of the audience was more than equal to the demands made upon it. There was a salutary lack of appeal to nationalistic sentiments; the emphasis was on the rebirth of the cathedral as symbol and portent of the reconstruction of Cologne, and on the need for European unity as a condition of the survival of Western civilization. Among the speakers was Dr. Hanns Lilje, Evangelical Bishop of Hannover and leader of the Protestant delegation to the cathedral celebration, whose remarks stressing the necessity for cooperation by all Christians in the common cause of physical and moral reconstruction were well received. To witness the rare sight (at least to me) of two Cardinals of the Church seated on the same platform with a Protestant bishop, and all of them present to celebrate the reopening and anniversary of a Catholic cathedral, was to see underlined the state of cordial relations between the religious bodies which is now a fact in Germany and which is largely a product of common persecution by the Nazis and cooperation in resistance.

On the afternoon of Assumption Day, after the procession and pontifical High Mass of the morning, some 125,000 to 150,000 people crowded into the municipal stadium, filling both stands and playing field, to hear greetings from leaders of Catholic Action in the Rhineland and from ecclesiastical representatives of various countries. The popularity of Cardinal Frings with the citizens of Cologne was never more evident than in the spontaneous outburst of applause as he mounted the speakers' stand. But on this occasion there were no national favorites. Cardinal Suhard of Paris and Cardinal Griffin of Westminster and other non-German Cardinals and bishops were greeted enthusiastically as they entered the stadium. It will be difficult to forget the impressive mass singing of church hymns by the entire multitude. The tremendous symphony of more than 100,000 voices, vigorously joining in beloved songs which were obviously a familiar part of the common prayer life, could not fail to impress an American whose early background of congregational singing consisted largely of half-hearted, anemic attempts by reticent parishioners at novenas to struggle through a limited selection of watery hymns. Despite objections by liturgical purists, what Germans call the *Singmesse* (a Mass during which the congregation sings vernacular hymns at designated intervals), succeeds both in obtaining popular participation in the entire service and in developing a fine tradition of community singing which makes of song a real act of prayer rather than an embarrassed condescension to habit.

Before Nazi days, Cologne was the center of a flourishing regional culture about which surprisingly little was known in the United States. Much more so than mega-

lopolitan Berlin with its literary sensationalism and extremist art, the Rhineland embodied in its painting, music, literature and philosophy the soundest traditions of European culture, and served as a link between Germany and countries to the West. It is perhaps too early to speak of a revival, but from all accounts the cycle of plays presented by the municipal theatre as part of the celebration can only be classified as a dramatic and religious achievement of the first order. The daily program, extending over two weeks, included inspired performances of such technically difficult plays as Claudel's *The Satin Slipper*, Hofmannsthal's *The Great World Theatre*, Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, Goethe's *Faust*, and *Everyman*. This program brought near to realization, at least for the time being, that close cooperation of Church and theatre in the presentation of truth envisioned by Paul Claudel. The five-hour production, which I attended, of the masterly *Satin Slipper*, sensitively translated into German by Hans Urs von Balthasar, marked a peak in my own theatre-going experience.

It is easy to lose one's sense of proportion in postwar Germany, to mistake a few rays of light for the sun. The long-range implications of Cologne in the broader picture of Germany and Europe remain to be seen. As an indication, however, of the potentialities for constructive effort and zeal still existent in Western Germany, the events which I witnessed cannot but be encouraging to those who feel that the culture of Europe draws on sources of hidden vitality, and that a new flowering of the life of the spirit must accompany any genuine rehabilitation of the social and economic order.

## Calendar reform

Laurence J. Kenny

It is the custom of our Catholic preachers, as teachers, to begin their sermons with a sacred text, and it is hoped that a text here will point up the meaning and purpose of this little treatise on Calendar Reform so that its import may not be lost. The text is: *The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath* (Mark 2:27). I have in mind the greatest of all the Sabbaths, Easter, the commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, the pledge of our own resurrection.

It must be noted, first of all, when discussing the perfecting or reforming of our Gregorian calendar, that the matter has two aspects—the civil and the religious. The nations of the world could institute a new calendar without in any way affecting the dates of religious festivals, and this civil change may be imminent. As citizens we should all share in the benefits that might accrue. But it seems desirable that our religious feasts be ordered, at the same time, to harmonize with human conditions in this our new One World. These feasts were made for man. The date of Easter—we say it with all deference and reverence—should be fixed.

When in 1581 Gregory XIII and his corps of scholars,



after months of patient labor, gave us the calendar that the civilized world, including Russia, follows today, their wisdom evidenced itself in the simplicity of their alterations of the old Julian calendar. They knew well their work was not final, but they knew also that they dared not ask more of the nations of their day. Time has manifested how wise they were. Through the intervening years little groups of perfectionists have arisen; until recently, however, these were few and sporadic.

The year 1907 is a memorable one in the story of Calendar Reform, particularly for Catholics, for in that year the superiors of all the Benedictine congregations, meeting in Rome under the leadership of Dom Guépin of Solesmes, unanimously declared themselves in favor of a change, including the fixing of Easter on a definite date. The Benedictines, though masters of liturgy, realized that we have moved into a new era, and they looked forward to a new great Sabbath scheduled to the needs of modern man.

Only five years after the Benedictine proclamation, a committee from the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce waited upon Pius X, asking his approval of a calendar change. They were pleased by the response to the effect that

The Holy See declared that it made no objection but that it invited the civil powers to enter into an accord on the reform of the civil calendar, after which it would willingly grant its collaboration in so far as the matter affected religious feasts.

Up to this time, however, there existed among the advocates of a new calendar no agreement as to what a new calendar should be like. When it became known, shortly thereafter, that the League of Nations had decided to consider a reform, its calendar committee was overwhelmed with projects for overcoming the deficiencies of the Gregorian system.

So far as the civil arrangement was concerned, the achievement of the League committee was remarkable. The members rejected with finality the flood of schemes that poured in upon them, retaining but two for further consideration: the proposals for a thirteen-month year and for the world calendar. Before they were able to decide which of the two might be the more desirable, however, a bolt from the ecclesiastical skies put an end to their labors.

Let Mr. Essy Key-Rasmussen, in charge of calendar reform at the League Secretariat, tell what occurred:

There was strong opposition on the part of such different religious quarters as the Vatican on one side and Orthodox Jewry on the other. But whereas the Orthodox Jewish attitude was absolute and unconditional, the Vatican repeatedly underlined that it would not oppose a reform demanded "by the common good."

Vatican opposition came not from Pius X but from Pius XI, who wished to convene an Ecumenical Council at which the bishops of the whole world would be consulted before the great Sabbath, Easter, was scheduled for an immovable date. He declared at the very outset, however, that no dogmatic question was involved. Pius XI may have had other objections, but there is reason to believe

that the general opinion concerning his opposition has been exaggerated, for reliable prelates have quoted him as commending even the stabilization of Easter.

Mr. Key-Rasmussen, writing objectively, says: "Because of the attitude of the Vatican" the committee discontinued its labors. The *American Hebrew* of Nov. 25, 1938 tells us the reform "was opposed and defeated chiefly through the efforts of Chief Rabbi G. H. Hertz, who represented English and American Jewry."

Jewish opposition, at least that of the Orthodox Jews, still stands (1948). This opposition is sincere and is respected. According to a highly representative Rabbi, orthodox Jews will not oppose this advance in science, but, while accepting the civil re-arrangement, they will, as they have so often done in the past—notably in the case of the international date line in the Pacific—attempt to retain the traditional dates for their sacred festivals.

Catholic objection as represented by Pius XI seems to have vanished. There is now no hope of convening a general council of the Church in the near future; but there is high hope on the part of many that the United Nations through UNESCO will institute, on January, 1950, a perfect, perpetual calendar. Though proclaimed on January 1, 1950 to prepare the peoples of the world for its inception, a later date, possibly 1956, may be named for its initial operation.

The thirteen-month calendar has been retired from the competition, and today the World Calendar stands victor in the field. Here is the calendar for any quarter of any year:

S	M	T	W	TH	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

This calendar is based on a uniform *quarter* of 91 days rather than a uniform month. Each quarter begins on a Sunday and follows exactly the scheme above. Since four times 91 is 364, there is one day left over. This is Peace Day, a world holiday following December 30. The next day is January 1 of the following year. In leap years, a second world holiday (as yet unnamed) will follow June 30. Like Peace Day, it will be extra-calendric, i.e. will not count in the succession of calendar days. It is gratifying to note that the World Calendar is universally attributed to a priest, the Abbé Marco Mastrofini (1789-1843), whose volume advocating the change was published with ecclesiastical approbation in Rome in the year 1843.

This calendar, from the civil aspect, may claim to have

won the approbation of the world's intelligentsia. Societies representing labor, industry, agriculture, communications, transportation, law, home interests, education, finance and science—including the American Association for the Advancement of Science with its more than 30,000 membership, which includes many Catholics—are listed among its advocates. It has won the *formal* approbation of eight Catholic, two Protestant, one Eastern Orthodox, one Buddhist and two Mohammedan countries. Bills have been introduced in both the Senate and the House by leading Congressmen—Senator Murray, a Catholic, among them—calling on the United States Government to align itself with the above fourteen ratifying nations.

The movement for the World Calendar has already reached the UNESCO; and the hopes of the Calendar Reform Association—sustained through many years by the energy of Miss Elizabeth Achelis—that January 1, 1950, may become a day ever memorable, do not seem over-sanguine. The world seems prepared by instinct, rather than by conscious wisdom, to recognize that the Sabbath was made for man; and it is prepared for the sake of the new, the industrial man, to relinquish ancestral traditions.

But what of the Church, the divinely inspired, which has always known, not by instinct alone but by revelation as well, the merciful purpose of the Sabbath? Is she ready to declare that the scheduling of the greatest of Sabbaths, which through the centuries was providentially adapted to agricultural ages, no longer meets the exigencies of our industrial era?

In a recent conversation in which the progress of the civil reform was the topic, a venerable archbishop remarked coldly: "Rome knows all that." He warmed up, however, when it was ventured that any forthcoming declaration by the Holy Father in regard to Easter would be strengthened immensely were he able to write—as he does so often when announcing canonizations—that the heads of Catholic nations, religious orders and congregations, Catholic universities, the press, and scholars eminent particularly in astronomy, liturgy and economics had anticipated his wishes in this matter.

It is not generally recognized in the United States how strong and persistent have been Catholic appeals to the Vatican from all the classes just named. Such world-visioned churchmen as Cardinals Mercier and Baudrillart vigorously urged the reform. Other high ecclesiastics, notably the scholarly bishops of Latin America, have been even more insistent. They saw nineteen of their nations at the Pan-American Labor Congress in 1936 voting favorably for the new order, and they could not be indifferent to so great a good. Not only Catholic countries, but Britain also, when her House of Lords was looking approvingly at the reform, sent Lord Desborough's mission to secure the Holy Father's concurrence. As to religious orders, which of them would not respect the views of the Benedictines, particularly those of Solesmes, in matters of the liturgy? If the mind of the Society of Jesus is sought, it should be manifest to all who observe that there are learned associations in nearly all the nations

agitating for the new calendar, and that for long years Fathers Romaña in Spain and Gutierras-Lanza in Cuba were presidents of their associations. As to universities, even here in America Father Tondorf of Georgetown in the *Ecclesiastical Review* (1929) and A. J. Vincent of Notre Dame in the *Journal of Calendar Reform* (1947) so clearly and tersely expressed American Catholic opinion that there have been neither objections nor additions to their statements.

Why extend what might become an interminable list? There seems now to be no Catholic opposition. Yet it may be that Pius XII would desire more immediate, cumulative appeals, which would seem almost the equivalent of an Ecumenical Council, before making a public pronouncement.

Our Easter date is now determined by the rising of the first full moon after March 21, harbinger of all spring-time joys to peoples of the northern climate. But today there are many Catholics in southern climates—South Africa, Australia, South America—whose springtime is six months from our date. Our Church is their Church; it is not a northern-latitude church; it is the Catholic Church.

By a happy coincidence January 1, 1950, the day on which the Holy Father initiates the Holy year, is the same date that the advocates of the new calendar have set for the beginning of the new era.

(Laurence J. Kenny, S.J., venerable dean of St. Louis historians, speaks over the Sacred Heart radio program, "The Voice of the Apostleship of Prayer," broadcast from St. Louis, and heard daily by millions.)

## Reflections on the Stilwell Papers

Paul Cauwe

(Father Cauwe of the Immaculate Heart Mission Society here probes the reasons why General Stilwell in the Stilwell Papers (Sloane, \$4) found Chiang Kai-shek's methods so unsatisfactory from an American military point of view. In his eleven years in China, Fr. Cauwe lived through the war with Japan and experienced the communist revolutionary aggression that is now dividing that country.)

Stilwell knew China. His reactions to his Chinese surroundings may have been wrong, but there is nothing wrong with his observations. What is more, he had a sufficient knowledge of the Chinese language. The Chinese words and expressions appearing in his diary are right, though I suppose that no one became sufficiently intimate with the "old teacher" (as he was called) to tell him, as they did me, that "lao maotzu" (p. 56) is not an "old hat," but an "old hairy," a term applied to foreigners since the Boxer Rebellion—and possibly earlier

—and shared by them with that unpopular animal of Chinese folklore, the hare.

Stilwell was an honest man. He wanted to do his job properly, and did it. I saw the American-trained "new First Army" in 1946, in Fuhsin and Chinchow. It was a hundred per cent better than other Chinese armies not only in equipment, but also in spirit. It was better, for example, than the 13th Army, which also operated in that section and which was said to be Japanese-trained under the Nanking regime of Wang Chingwei. The First Army was against oppression of the people by the soldiery, was kind to the coolies and even to the Japanese. The men liked to meet foreigners, and remembered the "old teacher" and their U. S. officers. This was not the case with the 13th Army, which had seen the foreigners oppressed under the Japs. The Burma Campaign was always the big topic in Chinese army talk. The men gave credit to the Americans for their good training and leadership during the campaign.

Chiang Kai-shek, "old Chiang," was the hero of all Chinese National troops. His military leadership in the war against Japan was not questioned; the Stilwell-Chiang antagonism was never mentioned. Stilwell fought his war as a soldier—he was not a politician. Chiang was not only the military leader, he was the political leader too. He wanted to obtain American equipment to fight the Japanese, but he wanted also to save as much of it as possible to fight the Communists when the war was over. Chiang was right—but that problem was not Stilwell's. He wanted to beat the Japanese, especially in Burma, where they had beaten him.

As for Stilwell's statement (p. 316): "I judge Kuomintang and Kungchintang by what I saw . . ." nowhere in his book is any experience with the Reds related. Any protracted contact, and especially cooperation with them, would have produced in him at least the same reaction as his experience with the Nationalists did—disgust.

Stilwell—or any American General—could not help his mental set-up: "I'll tell them how to fight a war. They'll listen to me or else. . . ." It is difficult and almost impossible for an American to realize that the Chinese superiority complex is at least as deep-rooted as his own—he can't see how the Chinese can have one.

As a missionary I had to cooperate with the Chinese—not only with "inferiors"; that is easy enough if they like you; but also with my equals, the Chinese priests. Sometimes they are our Superiors. Chinese pastors with European assistants are no exception in our missions. My District Superior was a Chinese priest. To get along with them, *we*, not they, have to renounce our superiority complex. After all, despite the fact that we make sacrifices for the spiritual good of the Chinese people, *we* are the foreigners. The normal psychological reaction of any native in any country is that the foreigner is the unwanted guest. He starts out by being an object of curiosity. He may succeed in being tolerated. If he is the right man, he may even succeed in being liked. But the subconscious antagonism is there and is ready to take advantage of any slip he may make.

Stilwell realized that the Chinese are Taoists. That is

a sure sign that he understood China. Of course, the Chinese are Confucianists, and many of them are Buddhists—"san chiao wei i," the three doctrines are one. These are all different elements of the Chinese mental set-up, though one is more prevalent here, another more prevalent there. But the "Tao" is the way of nature and the Chinese are truer to Tao than we. So we have to get along with the Tao: let things go their way—smoothly. Better not try to make the Chinese like us or need us. Just wait till we fit into the general landscape and they accept us as the other elements present in it. But that takes time, and Stilwell had no time.

The Buddhists have a kind of spiritual exercise that can be described as "applying one's mind with benevolence to all things." That is how a foreigner succeeds in being accepted by the Chinese—by applying his mind, his whole being, with benevolence, to all things Chinese. They are, *a priori*, right, whether we see it or not, whether we like it or not.

But it takes time *ad nauseam*. One has to get over the feeling of disgust which succeeds the initial sympathy. Disgust—which Stilwell knew so well—is nothing but the result of our efforts to *do something* for the Chinese. The trouble is that the Chinese don't want us to do something for them; but we don't realize that at first. They are humiliated by the fact that we think that they could need us. All that they unconsciously want is that we *be something*—and that something is "Chinese."

Now, to come back to our "spiritual exercise of benevolence." If we keep up with it, without violent or frantic effort, we shall be surprised how often the Chinese are right. We shall probably have to sacrifice a lot of our Western habits of thought and logic. The East has more wisdom and power of intuition, and through them we shall feel that the Chinese are right and—we shall be right with them.

It was not the vocation of an American Four-Star General to become "to the Jews a Jew"—a Chinese among the Chinese. Neither could he succeed in making the Chinese react like Americans to his leadership. No matter how strong the initial good will on both sides and the services rendered during Stilwell's career in China, the Chinese and he could not get along with each other.

Yet one cannot but wholeheartedly admire a man who went down—as Stilwell did—after having tried to accomplish, through sheer sense of duty and power of will, a job that was psychologically impossible to him.

## Looking ahead

Since many of our large corporations are owned by hundreds of thousands of stockholders, who is responsible for justice toward employes and the public in the conduct of the business? In "Private ownership in corporations," soon to be published in AMERICA, William E. McDonough will discuss this question and other aspects of ownership in the United States today.



# Literature & Art

## London letter

**SUMMER SCHOOLS.** There is something fresh and inspiring about the autumn as if it, and not spring, marked the beginning of the year. Though the brown leaves fall, autumn wheat is sown, and plans for the future are made. In this season of mists the writer begins to write again after the respite of the summer, and the publisher publishes the fruits of other autumns. But before telling you of new enterprises, I want to say a word about August, in my theory the culmination of the year, before the cycle starts anew.

August for the countryman is the busiest month, but for the English town-dweller it is the traditional holiday month. Sometimes he chooses to spend it helping the farmer to get the harvest in, sometimes he goes to the sea, but sometimes he takes the opportunity of going to a "summer school." Summer schools are usually held in Oxford or Cambridge because of the college accommodation afforded (the undergraduates, of course, are all away); thus strangers, wearing little discs, throng the streets of the university cities. The discs at a certain time this August bore such specifications as: "The Catholic Social Guild," "The Classical Meeting," "The Present Question."

The Catholic Social Guild had rallied Barbara Ward, Richard O'Sullivan, Douglas Hyde and Father Watt, S.J., among other good speakers, to address its many members in the gardens of St. Hugh's College, if fine; indoors, if wet (it was the latter). The Classical Meeting was organized jointly by the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies, the Hellenic Society and the Classical Association. Classicists came from France, Italy, Scandinavia, Syria, Ireland and the United States; and the lectures, delivered in the Ashmolean Museum by specially selected professors, were excellent. There were several American Jesuits attending this meeting who sometimes played truant to the classics and hurried up Woodstock Road to listen to Douglas Hyde at the Catholic Social Guild (his conversion to the Church after twenty years on the communist *Daily Worker* has caused much interest in Catholic circles here).

Among the people located in Magdalen College bearing discs entitled "The Present Question," I recognized Herbert Read, L. A. G. Strong, Olaf Stapledon, Rayner Heppenstall, Professor Donald McKinnon, an Anglican monk and a Catholic friar. The subject under discussion was "The Problem of Leadership in a Free Society."

**AUTUMN ACHIEVEMENTS.** And now for the events, so far, of the autumn. First, a book by a young novelist, recently become a Catholic, George Scott-Moncrieff. It is called *Death's Bright Shadow* and is as profoundly Catholic a novel as anyone could wish for. It concerns a man,

Robert, who returns to Edinburgh after an absence, hoping to deepen his acquaintance with a young girl whom he knew slightly before he went away and has thought about constantly during his absence. He discovers that she has died, that she was a Catholic, that she had been the mistress of a man who, too, became a Catholic after her death. Hearing this whole story of love and sin and death and faith and repentance, Robert, too, becomes a Catholic. There are some excellent Edinburgh pub conversations in this book, and excellent irritable home conversations. The whole is beautiful and delicate without the faintest propagandist tinge: it is merely a story of something that happened, and there is a great deal of lively Scottish nationalism interwoven in the dialog.

Graham Greene, who now wins every time, has, together with director Carol Reed and three top-ranking actors, made a first-class film out of his short story, *The Basement Room*. The film is called *The Fallen Idol* and has just won a prize at the International Film Festival of Venice. It occurs to me that short stories make better films than novels, as they have the concentrated atmosphere which is so important in a film.

After much agitation on the part of Catholic organizations, the Curzon cinema finally booked the French film, *Monsieur Vincent*, which depicts the life of St. Vincent de Paul. As the film represents sheer ardent Christianity from beginning to end, it is indeed an achievement to have it showing at a large London cinema. Pierre Fresnay's performance as St. Vincent is beyond praise. If I have a criticism, it is that the horrors of seventeenth-century France are shown too unmercifully, as a foil for St. Vincent's charity. It has been most excellently reviewed, and at the end of each performance, though no actor is there to hear, the audience bursts into clapping.

BARBARA WALL

## Dublin letter

We Irish are at last becoming international-minded. During the past twelve months, for instance, a host of visitors, a million or so strong, has invaded us. We are, for the moment, second only to Switzerland as a tourist resort. But it is not only tourists and returning Irish from the States, from England, and from other countries that have come to us. There have been foreign visitors of all kinds.

Hundreds of Polish, Austrian, German and French children have come to be fed back to health. Swedish, Italian, British, American and other naval units have been entertained. Army horsemen from five or six nations, including the U.S.A., have competed at our Horse Show. The British Prime Minister, Lord Chancellor, and other cabinet ministers have spent their holidays here. This, no doubt, will seem astonishing only to *Irish-American*

icans. Two international associations of medical men have held their congresses in Dublin recently. A congress of the International Youth Hostel Association has just brought a thousand delegates to the Dublin mountains.

This influx has for Ireland both economic and political repercussions. Economically it means, on the one hand, some forty million pounds poured into our national exchequer, and, on the other hand, vast consumption of our beef, butter, eggs and so forth. Politically it has scattered clouds of prejudice and warmed international friendship. Most of our visitors depart enthusiastic about what they have seen, heard—and eaten.

All this may seem to have little relation to what I may call *cultural* internationalism or the Europeanization of Irish culture. Many Irishmen, indeed, fear the lowering thereby of what culture we have: they dread denationalization. There is undoubtedly something to be said for that view. On the other hand, tourism follows a few fixed routes mapped out by the Irish Tourist Association, leaving perhaps seven-tenths or so of Ireland almost completely unvisited.

Moreover, there is positive cultural gain from contacts with highly cultured peoples. The recent tour of the choir of the Institut Catholique of Paris is an instance in point. So are the visits and lectures of numerous American and European prelates, statesmen, professors, writers (some of whom have settled permanently among us) and artists.

There is also the noteworthy improvement of cultural relations between ourselves and other nations—in particular, our near neighbors, England, Wales, Scotland, France and Brittany, Spain, Portugal and Belgium. This is largely due to the presence in our midst since 1921 of diplomatic representatives of most of these countries and several others, Italy in particular, and to renewed relations between the Celtic peoples as evidenced by the International Celtic Congress held in Dublin last year. I have just come from the inaugural session of the France-Ireland Club. All the proceedings were in French, but they were concerned with Ireland, with Irish poetry, especially W. B. Yeats, and with the landing of the French at Killala in 1798. The French Chargé d'Affaires (in the absence abroad of the minister, Comte Ostrorog), the Vicomte de la Tour du Pin (a former Jesuit pupil, by the way) was present. Why is there not an Ireland-America society here?

Our Catholic Association for International Relations, the opposite number of your Catholic Association for International Peace and affiliated to Fribourg, has made some small contribution towards the creation of an international outlook. At least it has provided a platform for many distinguished foreigners, including, this year, the Catholic speaker of the British House of Lords, and Mr. Richard Pattee, known to all readers of AMERICA.

STEPHEN J. BROWN

## Books

### Conversational confessions

#### THE GERMAN GENERALS TALK

By B. H. Liddell Hart. Morrow. 308p. \$4

Captain Liddell Hart, the well-known English military expert and writer, had the opportunity to have many conversations with German generals held as prisoners in Britain. These talks he reports in a very interesting, though not too clearly organized volume, which the historian will use with caution, for Captain Hart does not always distinguish between his interpretations and comments and the opinions of the German military leaders. He does not tell how the conversations were recorded—if they were recorded at all.

Furthermore, Captain Hart does not allow sufficiently for the apologetic purposes of his German partners—quite naturally they are inclined to accuse other people, particularly the dead Fuehrer, though some admit Hitler's extraordinary influence upon his surroundings and the German people. The author is also too much a gentleman to ask disagreeable questions—the attitude of the German army chiefs towards orders coming from Hitler's headquar-

ters and ordering atrocities is barely touched upon.

Despite these shortcomings and despite some political generalizations, e.g. concerning the policy of unconditional surrender—which are not warranted by the facts presented, this report on talks with German generals is of much interest for the student of World War II and of the totalitarian regimes. Captain Hart is surely right in absolving the German General Staff from an *active* responsibility for the Nazi regime and its policies. He sees correctly that the Generals accepted Hitler because they were accustomed to obey, because the Fuehrer appeared to them as realizing a nationalistic program and because the Third Reich had astonishing successes—often contrary to their own predictions.

Hitler is pictured as a kind of genius without systematic training and much experience. He appreciated the importance of new tactics and methods more readily than the older generals, who were too tradition-minded. Hart is in agreement with other students of German military affairs in making Hitler responsible for giving to the British Army the opportunity to escape through Dunkerque in 1940. It is also pointed out that, after the dismissal of Brauchitsch in 1941 after the failure to take Moscow, Hitler imposed upon the Generals too strict orders. Obsessed by the fear of retreats, he regarded each with-

drawal—even if required by military considerations and in order to avoid unnecessary losses—as cowardice.

There are interesting sketches of well-known German military leaders—from Rundstedt to Rommel. Captain Hart is too uncritical an admirer of Rundstedt—he does not, for instance, mention his sad role as betrayer of his comrades after the July conspiracy of 1944. There are descriptions of the military events in Russia which shed an interesting light on the Soviet armies. (The Soviet tanks are highly praised, and it is asserted that material made in the USSR played a more important role than that obtained by Lend-Lease.) There are many remarks on the confusion surrounding the July conspiracy. The older generals are pictured as experts without wide horizons, who show with very few exceptions a thorough dependence upon Hitler. Marshall Kluge, who at least knew about the July conspiracy and was aware that the war ought to be stopped in the interest of the German people, writes before he commits suicide—he knows that the Gestapo will arrest him—a letter to the Fuehrer expressing the greatest admiration for his genius.

It is astonishing that Captain Hart does not devote much space to the relations between the army and the SS of Himmler, Goebbels, Goering and other similar figures are only casually mentioned, and little space is devoted to

the nazi mentality of the air forces and other technical branches. It must be emphasized, however, that this is a most enlightening book, with material which is much more valuable than the highly subjective interpretations of the author. Captain Hart is in a tiring way always on the hunt for paradoxical and surprising statements and formulas. This fault fortunately does not destroy the value of his report on the views and opinions of some German generals who played an important role in World War II.

WALDEMAR GURIAN

### *Beauty ever ancient, ever new*

#### LATE HAVE I LOVED THEE

By Ethel Mannin. Putnam. 350p. \$3

*Late Have I Loved Thee* is a beautiful story. Reviewers have ruined so many decent adjectives by ballyhooing tripe that it is hard to find the right superlatives when they are appropriate, as here. This account of the redemption of a completely vain, selfish worldling, his conversion to Catholicism and his growth in sanctity as a Jesuit priest deserves superlatives. It is a deeply spiritual work. In an age which admires the masterpieces of Steinbeck, Faulkner and company, Ethel Mannin's novel is especially refreshing. Modern as is its setting, it is a study of the wonders of grace.

Francis Sable, the main character, is a St. Augustine of the modern world. As the story opens, he is a popular novelist writing the highly sophisticated sort of work that we associate with the early Aldous Huxley or with Norman Douglas. Like the youthful Augustine, he seeks first the kingdom of this world's pleasures and finds them—women, luxury, travel and success. His hobby is climbing mountains, tall, tough mountains that demand all the courage and skill and endurance he possesses. Like Augustine, he has a Catholic mother. Her conversion when he is still in college evokes merely the indifferent comment that, of course, if one is to take Christianity seriously, one might as well be a Roman. It is the easy, slightly contemptuous, tolerance of the complete skeptic.

His younger sister, Cathryn, adores him. As a long-legged, starry-eyed sprout in pigtails, she clammers over rocks with him and dreams of the day when he and she will climb a magical, white mountain. She grows up into a lovely young woman aware of holy and sacred things and she, too, is on the way to becoming Catholic.

Her dream of the white mountain is realized when Francis and she finally climb the Drindlehorn in Austria. On the way down, she slips and is crushed to death.

All the circumstances have been such

that Francis' guilt is unbearable. He goes completely to pieces. One almost expects this serene young man to die of his despair and horror. The pangs of his spiritual re-birth are long-drawn-out and dreadful. By God's grace, however, his anguish cleanses. His life from thirty-three to his death at forty-seven is one of atonement. After fifteen years of a holy, ascetic life as a Jesuit, he dies in the Ireland he had loved, with all the simple people, whom he had helped and prayed for, certain he is a saint.

This crudely condensed account can give the reader not the slightest sense of how real Francis Sable's fearful crisis actually is. The transformation from smart young man of the world to humble, poor and saintly priest is real in a way that our realists do not know. Its narration demanded of the author the exercise of the highest sort of literary skill.

There is a simple goodness about most of the characters, a goodness almost unknown in modern fiction. There are Lotte and Johann and their parents with whom Francis and Cathryn stay in Austria on several occasions. Cathryn was to marry Johann. There is the boy, Gustave, and his family with whom Francis lives for a year after Cathryn's death. Gustave becomes a Capuchin. There is Anna Kallinova whom Cathryn loved when the two were living in Paris as artists.



There is the very real Sue Lester, on the other hand, who loved the young, successful Francis, but never could understand his "religious mania," his superstitious beliefs afterward. She is a real woman and also a symbol of the closed, modern, secular mind. She winds up as a very successful painter, discontented and bored.

One might say that one of the main characters is St. Augustine himself. Johann and, later, Francis read and re-read the *Confessions*. They quote the saint, talk about him and pray for his intercession. Francis' conversion and later saintliness owe much to Augustine. His life parallels the saint's in many ways so that *Late Have I Loved Thee*, the very title of which is from

the *Confessions*, becomes a beautiful story of a modern St. Augustine.

This is the author's twenty-sixth novel. In all her previous work there is nothing like this; in fact, she has up till now been considered quite "advanced." But this book is one of those very few modern works of fiction that a man wants on his shelf, knowing that he will read it again. It is, in the good sense of the word, edifying—and of how many contemporary novels can that be said?

HUBERT N. HART

### *Aristocrat of letters*

#### MAURICE BARING.

*A Postscript by Laura Lovat, with some Letters and Verse.* Sheed & Ward. 116 pages. \$2

Some day a full-length biography will be written about Maurice Baring by someone with David Cecil's skill in extracting quiet essences; and long before that, one hopes, his exquisite work will have received its proper critical due. Till then we must make shift with this present lovely tribute to his lovable shade, Ethel Smyth's unsatisfactory longer volume, and Baring's own disarming autobiographical fragments which, charming as they are, conceal quite as much as they reveal his quicksilver personality. Perhaps that is as it should be, given Baring's delicate sense of what one can and cannot say about oneself, if one wishes, as he always did, to pay his devoirs to the Lady Courtesy whose other name is just Christian humility.

Mauriac's great compliment that Baring's books were *penetrés de grâce* explains why they are also so instinct with graciousness. His sword of the spirit was ever a dress rapier of grace; and this accounts, doubtless, for the unfailing lightness of his address in life and letters.

All the same, one wishes now and then to lift a little the harlequin's rueful mask. Life is a pilgrimage, to be sure, and the wandering minstrel's role a better part than most, especially when the ballad songs and snatches of one's repertoire are as witty-wise as Baring's. But what of the minstrel when he lays aside his lute? Lady Lovat's slight volume gives us more than a few hints. Children adored him, and an Italian prisoner of war nursed him on his death bed. He kept a blue budgerigar named Dempsey in his room. The Princess Bibesco defined him as *cet écrivain de race, ce fantaisiste facétieux... un poète et un personnage poétique*. Ronald Knox missed the most tantalizing clue of all when he regretted having "often wondered, but never asked, whether C was consciously the story of Catullus re-written." Why, poor "C" was Baring himself, or, which is almost



# HOW TAX LAWS MAKE GIVING TO CHARITY EASY

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Author of *Your Income Tax*

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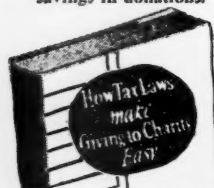
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more revealing, at least as Baring saw himself.

In *Round the World in Any Number of Days* Baring recalls a small boy's definition of a gentleman: "A gentleman is a man who loves God very much and has beautiful manners." That Major Baring loved God very much is amply demonstrated by Lady Lovat's present account of his holy death at her island house in the Highlands. No one who knew him, if only through his books—and what better way to know an author?—could doubt his good manners. Marshal Foch once paid him the tribute, Air Marshal Lord Trenchard recalls, of saying that "there never was a staff officer in any country, in any nation, in any century like Major Maurice Baring." He was the last aristocrat of our century to live, write and die as an aristocrat. (There are still dandies of letters, of course, but that is a different thing altogether.)

It can, surely, be no disrespect to either Baring or Lady Lovat to suggest that he ended his days like one of his own heroes, Caryl Hengrave, most particularly, and that she nursed him like a typical Baring heroine. May it not be, rather, a mark of his strange powers of clairvoyance that, time and again, his novels foreshadowed his own end? He was gay to the last; but he was also fey from the beginning; and much of his charm resulted from this odd blend of qualities. Perhaps he played at fortune-telling so often, at *Sortes Vergiliana* and Christmas Eve divination by burnt paper on a shovel shadowed against a wall, because he could really read men's weards, his own as well as others.

Besides her own short memoir, a fragrant wreath of immortelles laid on a remembered grave, Lady Lovat includes a sheaf of characteristic letters to, about, and from Baring, one of which to Belloc during the latter's short Parliamentary career begins: "My dear Hilaire, I congratulate you on your speech on Beer. I agreed with every word of it." She also salvages from oblivion certain fugitive poems which add little or nothing to his reputation—despite the elegiac beauty of the *Elegy for Auberon Herbert* he was not really at home in verse—and appends a short essay on Baring and the Classics from the pen of Ronald Knox.

Monsignor Knox applauds his Greek and Latin ingenuities as they deserve. (No one else has mentioned it yet, but the present reviewer has a well-grounded suspicion that Thornton Wilder's thoroughly admirable *Ides of March* owes more than a little to the "Lesbia Illa" squib in Baring's *Dead Letters*.) In addition, Monsignor Knox is quite right when he points out that Baring was a humanist, steeped in the classics, but hardly a classical scholar. It is no re-

proach, however. Quite to the contrary, if Dons have any justification at all for their fuddy-duddy existence, it is to produce, upon occasion, pellucid personalities with the delicate bouquet of a Maurice Baring.

Since his death, and for a decade before, Baring's reputation has neither risen nor fallen in the critical scales. It is better than even money that it rises soon. Quite apart from his enormous merits as short-story writer, essayist and autobiographer, he must, in the nature of things, one day be acclaimed as the author of what is, perhaps, the greatest novelistic love trilogy of our century: *C, Cat's Cradle, Daphne Adeane*.

Baring's reputation for the sort of antic humor he shared with his friend Saki in their St. Petersburg days is well, perhaps too well, established. "Like many of the Upper Class He liked the Sound of Broken Glass," wrote Belloc, and added immediately: "A line I stole with subtle daring from Wing-Commander Maurice Baring." But in justice to him we should also remember the signature of one of his letters to Belloc: "I am till Death and perhaps beyond, Yours, Maurice Baring." As much as any writer of his great generation he is ours till death, and surely beyond.

CHARLES A. BRADY

## WOBBLY

By Ralph Chaplin. University of Chicago Press. 435p. \$5

The labor movement has been a major factor in American history, and organized labor today forms an integral unit of American society. An important chapter in that history and a formative element of that unit, the Industrial Workers of the World (the Wobblies), should be studied by anyone who would understand American labor. There has been need for a good book on the Wobblies, and Ralph Chaplin, early organizer, editor, publicist of the IWW, was eminently qualified to write it.

An autobiography, *Wobbly* gives a personal running commentary on the events of American labor from the Debs-led Pullman strike of 1894 to the Bridges-inspired goon strife on the West Coast during the late war. A product of the Yards section of Chicago, Chaplin early learned the lessons of labor's helplessness in the face of superior employer strength, thirsted for a Cause even as a youngster, found it in socialism, and thereafter devoted his life to fighting for the exploited worker. Introduced to the IWW, he espoused its policy of revolutionary industrial unionism as opposed to the craft unionism of the exclusive and capitalistic AFL and the political so-

cialism of most left-wing groups. A participant in innumerable strikes, riots and other labor disturbances, he frequently lost his artist's job and often shared in the beatings meted out by police and hired thugs.

Our eyes go back to witness many notorious labor battles of the period, when the IWW reached the peak of its power: the victories of the miners at McKees Rocks, Pa., in 1909, of the weavers at Lawrence, Mass., in 1912, of the silkworkers at Paterson, N. J., of the hop-pickers in Wheatland, Cal., and of the lumber men in Shreveport, La., all in 1913; the violent battles waged over "free speech," culminating in the armed warfare of the Spokane waterfront, when William Z. Foster was tortured. Chaplin guides us through the hunger riot in Chicago in 1915, and the founding of that city's branch of the IWW. We next find him as editor of *Solidarity*, Wobbly publication, further embittered after the execution of Joe Hill, Wobbly poet. Came the war and the raids on IWW offices over the country by Federal officials for unpatriotic activities. Over a hundred leading Wobblies were jailed, Chaplin among them, and later sentenced by Judge K. M. Landis to terms in the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth. Several chapters describe prison life effectively.

Breathing free air again, Chaplin continued his work for labor, but was gradually disillusioned by the defection of Russian socialism and the victory of the Communists in assuming control of the American labor movement. He bitterly records how Bridges' men broke a picket line, the first time in his experience that labor so betrayed labor. His disillusionment finally leads him to the patriot's love of America, to a return to God and religion—though the religion leaves much to be desired.

There are too many recordings of irrelevant domestic affairs, too many instances of fuzzy thinking. Not once does Mr. Chaplin explain revolutionary industrial unionism, nor radicalism, nor does he reconcile his love of family with his beloved Marxian philosophy or state fairly both sides of the various industrial issues he discusses. His chapter on Debs is good.

JOSEPH B. SCHUYLER

#### THE CITY BOY

By Herman Wouk. Simon & Schuster. 306p. \$2.95

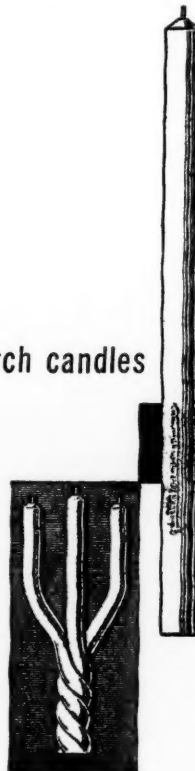
There is fun in this story of eleven-year-old Herbie Bookbinder, resident of the Bronx, pupil at Public School 50, internee at Camp Manitou—in the remote days of the late 1920's. There is a

certain kind of pathos, too, which readers need not take too much to heart. Best of all, perhaps, there is the reminder that a wholesome, if unsensational, kind of living could flourish in New York City in the 'twenties, or at any other time, somewhat removed from penthouses or slums—and still not entirely dull.

Herbie is fat, intelligent, and not skilled in sports; he is no Tom Sawyer, nor yet a Fauntleroy. He struggles for the approval of his peers and the favor of a ten-year-old girl who gives every promise of growing up to be the heroine of a serial story. The conversations between Herbie and his cousin Cliff ring true—especially those on problems of conscience and the tricks of self-justification. Herbie learns that woman is fickle, that crime does not pay, and that the end does not justify the means. And while everything concludes happily, there is a lurking suspicion that Herbie is due to go on learning.

To anyone who has been reading recent books about children, *The City Boy* will come as a surprise. It is not a psychological report with dire hints of abnormality; neither is it a sensitive, discerning study of a boy's soul. It is a nostalgic holiday for the author, and he grants himself the vantage point of the omniscient, somewhat superior adult, cleverly observant, sympathetic—but

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always amused. But, be it remembered, Herbie saw nothing amusing in his predicaments. *The City Boy* is in the *Penrod* and *Peck's Bad Boy* tradition except for occasional observations, philosophical or moralizing, and a revealing account of a boys' camp that is nothing short of savage. Penny-pinching, hypocrisy and shameless exploitation of the nature and instincts of the growing boy are laid bare with a mixture of amusement and contempt. This caricature is well done—camp catalogs will never read the same again—but it disturbs the unity of the book as the story of a boy. Nevertheless, if you enjoy books about boys, or if you like to wax a little sentimental about yourself, *aet. eleven, don't miss it.*

MARY STACK MCNIFF

#### AS WE SEE RUSSIA

*By members of the Overseas Press Club of America.* Dutton. 316 p. \$3.75

The book contains twenty-five essays, each by a different author, arranged in four sections: Aspirations, The People, the System, Delusions. Robert Con-sidine says in the Preface that "the writers are primarily reporters," and each is reporting on his or her personal experiences or impressions. The personal experiences of some of the

writers have included no visit to Russia and no learning of the language; of others, several years in the country. The average works out to about fifteen months per correspondent and, for the majority, those months were spent in and around Moscow.

Bill Downs' essay, for example, is about a part of an evening he spent with "a bright-faced young girl" in the Metropole Hotel; Paula Lecler's is about her experience with a single Soviet guide in 1932; Craig Thompson's is about his impression of the achievements of the Soviet revolution—an impression disguised as an objective but wholly undocumented account. A few of the essays, however—Leland Stowe's, Ralph McGill's, Larry Lesuer's, John Stroh's, Henry Wolfe's, William Zukerman's—are more than impressionistic; they are important contributions of bits of knowledge about the USSR. The book is, in short, very uneven in quality: some of the pieces are uninformed and uninformative trifles; one or two are viciously (but unintentionally) misleading; some are of high quality, but most are valueless.

If a reader is seeking an informed study of Russia and the Russian people, based on historical understanding, wide knowledge and intimate acquaintance with the subject, he should read any one of several other books: conspicuously, for example, Sir John Maynard's *Russia in Flux*. If he is seeking an impressionistic approach to the subject he should read Crankshaw's *Russia and the Russians*. However, the half-dozen exceptional essays mentioned above are valuable. E. D. MYERS

#### AMERICAN OPINION ON WORLD AFFAIRS IN THE ATOMIC AGE

*By Leonard S. Cottrell, Jr. and Sylvia Eberhart.* Princeton University Press. 60p. \$2.50.

Based on a report prepared for the Committee on Social and Economic Aspects of Atomic Energy of the Social Science Research Council, this little book contains some very sobering information relative to the state of American public opinion on foreign affairs at a time when such matters loom so large on the American horizon.

It is an inescapable fact that no matter how high our level of leadership may be it will remain ineffective unless our policies are carried out in a way which is acceptable to public opinion. Accordingly, public opinion surveys, despite their obvious shortcomings, remain at the moment the only source of factual information in this important field. This book is a summary of a study of American attitudes toward foreign affairs, with emphasis upon the

problem of atomic energy. A useful foreword briefly sets out the best present views on the significance of atomic energy, what atomic energy is, and what the progress of negotiations for its control has been. This foreword, written by General Frederick Osborn, Deputy U.S. Representative, UN Atomic Energy Commission, and a man known personally to the reviewer, is one of the book's features.

The mythical "representative cross-sections" were polled concerning their feelings on the question of the atomic bomb and issues raised by it. As a result, we learn that the knowledge of the existence of the bomb has penetrated to even the most isolated members of the American adult population. Ninety-eight per cent of those interviewed, at any rate, had heard of it. What they know about it is quite another matter. It is a distressing fact that the people are not informing themselves to a degree which would reveal an active concern about how the international problem relating to atomic energy is to be solved. This is somewhat contradictory in the light of the fact that they are shown to be most pessimistic about the possibilities of averting another war. The answer to this paradox appears to be that the average person takes an attitude of "let the Government worry." The majority believe that there is absolutely nothing they can do to prevent war. The painfully great psychological distance between the people and the world issues that face their Government is apparent.

Three conclusions are drawn by the authors from their findings: 1) there is a "need for greater effort and skill in focusing the attention of large segments of the public on the problems of our relations with other countries and on the related problems of the control of atomic energy"; 2) there must be "a much more adequate grasp of the world situation than most Americans now have in their minds"; 3) the accomplishment of the second objective would help to bring about the third, which is "a clear conception of the role required of the United States in the situation."

The appendices contain ninety-two pages of very informative "illustrative interviews" and tabular material.

THOMAS H. D. MAHONEY

#### OLD MAN CROW'S BOY

*By John Baumann.* Morrow. 278p. \$3.50

The subtitle gives a clear clue to the trend of this good story—"Adventures in Early Idaho." The boy tells the tale himself. He is about eleven years old at the start, but he gives a brief sum-

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mary of how his father settled in that country shortly before his own birth; so the events cover the growth of the little settlement in the Malad River Basin from 1880 to 1909. It is a cattle country in the days of open ranges, and young Crow grows up under the watchful care of his father, who hopes to see his son develop into a competent frontiersman along the lines that have won for himself the respect of his fellow-settlers. The lad goes on to catch wild horses (having become a skilled roper at the age of eleven), to fight lions in the mountains, to trap for furs, to raise thoroughbreds for the local races, to hunt cinnamon bears, to capture a set of bank robbers, and to track down single-handed a desperado who had stolen some of his horses.

Under the guidance of the Old Man the community is ruled by a simple social code calling for fair dealing with everyone and decreeing banishment or death for serious offenders. It is all clean, wholesome and full of outdoor vigor; but it remains on the natural level, with no indication that God is the prime reality to be recognized. Sympathy is strengthened by the boy's haunting fear that he will never be able to measure up to his father's expectations, and humor creeps in when his aunt from the East pays them a visit and sets off innocently to get a close view of the Indians, whom she calls God's unspoiled children.

The author, a professional guide in that region, is deeply versed in the lore of this wild land of mountain and valley, and through the eyes of the boy he reveals many a secret about the habits of both men and animals in primeval surroundings, leaving the impression that he is handling facts learned by his own experience. **WILLIAM A. DOWD**

### FAMILY CIRCLE

By **Cornelia Otis Skinner**. Houghton Mifflin. 310p. \$3.50

*Family Circle* is a lively account of the life of the author up to the time that she makes her debut on the Broadway stage. Here the story abruptly ends.

The book is diverting reading, full of amusing reminiscences of the era immediately preceding and following the first world war. Otis Skinner, the well known actor and Cornelia's father, fills many of the pages with his delightful letters; the two understood each other. Her mother she pictures less flatteringly, as an irresistible and beautiful woman but an exacting and unpredictable parent. In her exquisite fashion, Mrs. Skinner was a bit of a social climber; perhaps she loved the stage, but she looked down her nose at it just the same.

Daly, the producer, gets stern treatment. He is described as a "strict Cath-

## TWO DAYS OLD:

**Eddie Doherty's** spiritual writing is like an onion in your martini—you either like or you don't. But at least it isn't like anything else in the way of spiritual reading—an ace newspaper man who suddenly takes to going to heaven for his news is likely to be, as they say, "different." His new book **MARTIN** (\$2.50) is about Blessed Martin de Porres: fourteen chapters about his subject's life, fourteen meditations on him, each seen against a background of one of the Stations of the Cross. Call that ordinary?

**Ed Willock** (I wonder if these two were actually christened Edward?) is rapidly becoming THE Catholic cartoonist of America—that's our guess anyway—and he doesn't write so badly either. We have just published his first book, **YE GODS** (\$2.50) in which you may see him at his best as artist and writer, and the little gods who are so widely worshipped today at their worst. Their names are Glamor, Speed, Success, Comfort and so on: the pictures alone will lose them some worshippers.

Once upon a time there was a good Catholic girl who got engaged to an agnostic. She roped in an uncle who was a priest to write her what to say to her young man and thus finally began to find out something about the faith herself. . . . The priest's letters are in a book called **THE FAITH MAKES SENSE** by **John Carmel Heenan** (\$3.00). This is not only good modern apologetics but a book about real people, who (in the trying manner of real people) do not behave in the least as we expect them to.

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olic" and then accused of all manner of sins, which he may have committed, but not as a "strict Catholic." Although the author dislikes the man she never questions his genius.

The story is light and highly entertaining. It is written in an easy and vivid style. The fabulous 'twenties unroll before us, and the reader laughs with the author, especially if she is of an age ripe enough to remember those incredible years. MARY TOOMEY

### PAUL CLAUDEL AND THE TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY

By Kathleen O'Flaherty. Preface by Paul Claudel. Cork University Press, B. H. Blackwell Ltd., Oxford. 141p. 6/

Kathleen O'Flaherty has done a fine piece of work in presenting Claudel to the Irish public through her study—a thorough one—of his best-known play: *The Tidings Brought to Mary* (*L'Annonce faite à Marie*). The frivolous and startling aspects of French literature are well known to foreigners who study the French language. Miss O'Flaherty justifies her book because

the French poet, like his contemporaries, Charles Péguy and François Mauriac, represents the great Christian literary tradition. At this time, when France is passing through a period full of anguish and incertitude, when men wonder if all her cultural riches, her contribution to European civilization are not irremediably lost, Claudel appears as a reassuring figure. His living faith is opposed to the doubt which reigns elsewhere; his job is an answer to contemporary defeatism and pessimism.

Aside from the Christian aspects of Claudel's work, his appeal is universal; drawing upon his own childhood memories, he has written well of the ever humble peasant. His plays are set in many countries—naturally enough, since he was ambassador of France in Japan, the United States and Belgium.

Miss O'Flaherty's minute and painstaking analysis of *The Tidings Brought to Mary* cannot, however, be profitably read by those who have not first read the play itself, which, all expectations to the contrary, has proved to be extremely effective on the stage and much clearer than in the written version. Yet, having absorbed the spirit and content of Claudel's message, she has succeeded in interpreting it for English-speaking readers, who will find strength and inspiration in her book. It is unquestionable that Claudel's "deeply felt living faith . . . is based on the profound conviction that, despite sin and all the suffering of the earth, God is continually present, watching over all things. That is why, all along the rough road, joy remains."

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## JUNGLE MAN

By Major P. J. Pretorious, with a foreword by Field-Marshal J. C. Smuts. Dutton. 256p. \$3.75

The bright pages of this thrilling story of the man who might well be called Africa's greatest hunter certainly serve to cast more light on what is, I suppose, for most of us, still the Dark Continent. This light comes in the form of a greater understanding of life "in the bush," life "on safari," a greater appreciation of the word "jungle"—all of which are certainly acquired from reading Major Pretorious' life story of hunting and fighting in the dense African wilds. Even greater illumination is thrown by the writer on the lives and habits of such animals as the lion, the hippo, the crocodile, and especially the elephant.

Pretorious left his home in civilized Africa for life in the bush while still in his teens. In the beginning, and throughout the remainder of his eventful life, he was drawn by an irresistible urge to "see what was over the next hill," to hunt some new, far-off territory. Major Pretorious is quite conscious of his rare gifts of eye and instinct, and talks about them much as a painter would about his knowledge of color, brush technique, and his ability to achieve perspective; but he does so with a modesty that is at all times delightful.

Little is told of the author's private life or his activities outside hunting and warfare, but when the book is finished one has a picture of a full life.

*Jungle Man* is a fascinating story and a rare find for those who like to share the thrilling and dangerous adventures of others from the safety and comfort of the fireside.

WILLIAM H. SHRIVER, JR.

## The Word

THE FEAST OF CHRIST THE KING was near. While I thought about the epistle (Coloss. 1: 12-20) and the gospel (John 18: 33-37) the house grew strangely still, and I realized that the children had gone to sleep.

I took holy water and went from room to room, marking the smooth little foreheads with the Sign of the Cross. The words of the gospel and epistle glowed in my mind. "My kingdom," said Jesus to Pilate, "does not belong to this world." And St. Paul wrote: "Giving thanks to God our Father for saving us from the power of darkness,

and putting us in the kingdom of His beloved Son."

Then suddenly I knew what I was doing. I was walking among royalty; I was looking down at little sleeping kings and queens; I was renewing on their foreheads the emblem of their nobility.

"Prince Joe," I said to myself, looking at his head on the pillow. "Princess Betty," I added, turning toward her. Then I changed it, because nicknames are not used when the knighthood of Christ is conferred in baptism. "Princess Elizabeth. Prince Joseph." That was better.

I moved from bed to bed, naming each little heir of Christ the King. "Princess Mary. Prince James." And now I came to the baby's crib. Her very name was rich with royalty—"Princess Regina Marie-Therese." I felt an impulse to kneel; and I said to myself, "Why not? The noblest of men have knelt to feel on their shoulder the touch of the king's sword, and to hear the words: 'I dub thee Sir Knight.' But these my children are members of a higher royalty. They are the princes and princesses of Christ, the King of Kings. This new-born Regina, this helpless one—to her has been given the title to the eternal Kingdom of God. She is a citizen of the royal nation which shall rule with Christ forever. Upon her shoulder has been placed the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God."

The statement of Christ to Pilate ran through my mind: "Whoever belongs to the truth, listens to my voice." And truth, I thought, is the Sword of the Spirit, which will strike down falsehood forever, and forever be victorious.

"He shall rule from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth," sings the Gradual for the Feast of Christ the King. "And Him all kings shall adore; Him all nations shall serve."

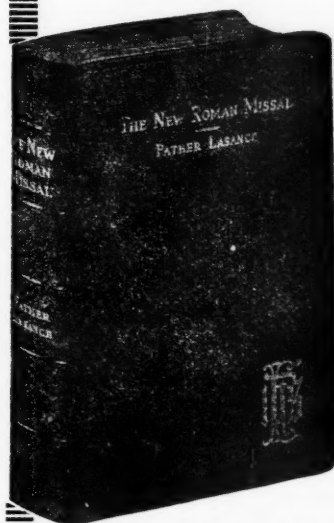
Such is Christ's kingdom, and ours too; because we are His heirs.

Then these my children—what of them? Born not in a palace, but in an apartment. Poor, not rich; weak, not powerful. Guarded by no soldiers; served by no servants; attended by no nurses. Yet for all that, the noblest of the noble.

Why, they ought to go clad in purple and gold! Before them should be carried their coats-of-arms on silk banners whipping in the breeze, each emblem centered with the Cross in a halo of light. For these are royalty of royalty; they shall share in the endless reign of King Christ.

"In Him," says the gospel, "all created things took their being, heavenly and earthly, visible and invisible. What are thrones and dominions; what are principedoms and powers? They were all

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created through Him and in Him; He takes first place over all, and in Him all things have existence. He, too, is the Head whose body is the Church; in every way the first place is to be His."

The Head whose body is the Church, the King whose Kingdom is the Church, the Prince whose people are the members of the Church. . . .

And these, these little ones—they are members; they are His people; they are His nobility.

I felt like standing straight and saluting my little princes and princesses; our little co-kings and co-queens with Christ.

It seemed too good to be true—but true it is.

JOSEPH A. BREIG

## Theatre

THE MINSTREL BOY. My knowledge of Irish history, with its galaxy of patriots, heroes and martyrs, might be described by anyone in a mood for exaggeration as inadequate. Consequently, I am grateful to W. A. S. Douglas, author of the current Blackfriars' production, for enlightening me on the role Thomas Moore played in the long struggle for Irish independence. Presented in the Friars' upstairs theatre in 57th Street, with direction by Dennis Gurney, *The Minstrel Boy* is an interesting story; and the coordinated talents of David Reppa, who designed the sets, and Irene Griffin, who selected the costumes, make it a pretty picture.

In the form of a biography, similar to the "lives" of Babe Ruth, Kosciuszko, Jerome Kern and Al Jolson that have appeared on stage or screen, the play follows a popular pattern, but there is more meat than usual in the story. The leading character, who first appears as a boy prodigy, was also a patriot who tried to get himself hanged along with Robert Emmet. Thwarted by his mother and a wise priest, in his rash attempt to achieve martyrdom, he is persuaded by the priest that by singing Irish songs in England he will be more valuable to the Irish cause than the heroes who died in futile rebellions.

A reminder: AMERICA THIS WEEK, our weekly commentary on the news, over Fordham University's FM station, WFUV, every Thursday evening, 7:15 to 7:30, 90.6 on your FM dial. This program is carried on transcriptions by a number of stations in the East. If you're interested to know whether your town provides this program, ask us.

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The story is skilfully developed by a playwright with a deft hand for carving character and the know-how for creating an illusion of life. The ambitions, conflicts and even the eccentricities of the important figures in the story engender a mood of reflection, as all substantial drama does, and entice one's thought to vagaries of life that have no relevance to the action on the stage. The exclusion of Catholic students from Trinity College, for instance, calls to mind the anti-Semitic laws enacted in some European countries to prevent Jews from working at skilled trades and the racism that bars Negroes from Southern universities.

There are two-score-and-a-half speaking parts in the production, without counting the central character, represented by three actors; and all of them contribute capable performances. The laurel, I would say, should be awarded to Tom Donahue, who has the role of Tom Moore as a young man, a fashionable poet and recital artist, with honorable mention for Victor Vraz, Tom Moore as a child, and Charles Dolan, the minstrel boy as an old man. Dolly Wheaton rates an orchid for her Lady Donegaland. Rudd Lowry, for his Lord Moira and Ewing Chery for his Dr. Whyte, deserve gardenias for their morning coats. A corsage should be delivered to Charlott Knight, the minstrel's mother; and Brian Doyle, as Father O'Halloran, earns a ribbon of merit. John Young, for making the Prince of Wales a colorful rake, should be rewarded with a silver medal and a sirloin steak.

Other good performances are too numerous for mention, although each of them can legitimately demand a token of praise. They have a right to be proud of their contribution toward making *The Minstrel Boy* one of the better shows of the season.

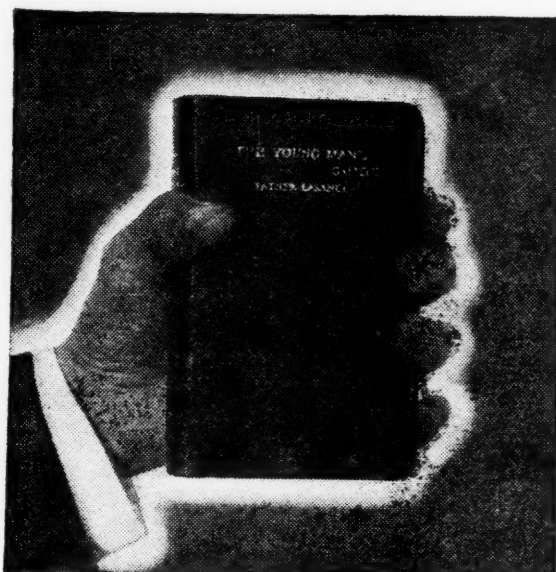
THEOPHILUS LEWIS

## Films

**RED SHOES.** About half-way through this highbrow British import, which could be subtitled the private life of a ballet troupe, a new ballet is staged with suitable fanfare. As the performance progresses, curious things, which could not possibly occur within the confines of a stage set begin to happen. The scene keeps shifting; the dancers make their way through narrow corridors; a piece of newspaper is suddenly converted into the *premier danseur* in a news-print-dappled costume. Just as the onlooker has about decided that either he or the film's director has taken leave of his senses,

the orchestra pit fades out, to be replaced by a rolling sea. This symbol connects up with an earlier conversation, and the untutored spectator (meaning myself) awakens to what the genuine ballet-addict has presumably known all along: the imperfections of stage presentation are being pieced out (as in the cinematic *Henry V*) in fact instead of in the audience's imagination; and as an extra added attraction the images passing through the ballerina's mind are recorded in the visual equivalent of the stream-of-consciousness technique. This highly subjective treatment projects a great deal

of excitement and emotional intensity; it also, perhaps not by design, breaks up the continuity of the performance so completely that it is impossible to tell whether or not, by objective standards, the ballet is any good. It is also a little difficult to come by objective standards with which to judge the picture as a whole. Ordinarily a film which says so much that rings true about the inner workings of the ballet's small world, and about the creative, dedicated, extroverted eccentrics who populate it, might be termed an enlightening and stimulating experience. However, Michael Powell and



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Emeric Pressburger, who wrote, produced and directed, treat this aspect with a detachment which seems to say: "If you find any of this surprising then you do not belong to the erudite audience that we are courting." Their chief concern is with the story of the central ballet (based on Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale of the magic red slippers which impelled their wearer to dance until she died) and with working out the real-life fate of the ballerina star to coincide with the role she created. Yet, despite the validity of the conflict between a ballet career and marriage, the heroine's break with her composer husband and her self-inflicted death never seem more than the arbitrary dicta of a pair of writers bent on being symbolic no matter what the cost. (*Eagle-Lion*)

**A SONG IS BORN.** The "new" Danny Kaye emerges as a pleasant and competent straight leading man in the rather silly role of an unworldly musical encyclopedist who simultaneously discovers jazz and women (in the person of night-club singer Virginia Mayo, who uses the musical research foundation as a hide-out from the police). Audiences will find the perfunctory treatment of a tawdry and far-fetched plot small compensation for the lack of the star's usual vocal gymnastics. However, the extensive sections of the film devoted to demonstrating the musical techniques of such luminaries as Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Louis Armstrong form a fascinating and convincing plea for the recognition of jazz as a respectable and important form of modern music. (*RKO*)

**THE THREE MUSKETEERS.** What this newest rendering of Alexandre Dumas is striving for is impossible to tell. It has an all-star cast with each member performing his or her specialty with no reference to the whole. Gene Kelly, as D'Artagnan, indulges in sword-play and acrobatics which sometimes suggest the elder Fairbanks but more often Harold Lloyd in his heyday; Van Heflin acts the heartbroken Musketeer as though he were Ray Milland in *The Lost Weekend*; June Allyson and Lana Turner act the good and the wicked woman so listlessly that they could well change places; while the diverse talents of a half-dozen other players pull in other directions, including straight cloak-and-dagger melodrama, bedroom farce and out-and-out burlesque. It is no wonder that, in spite of some visually enticing Technicolor and an abundant supply of physical action, the picture is far from engrossing. Under the weight of all this excess baggage its very thick plot carries no conviction and in fact makes almost no sense. (*MGM*) **MOIRA WALSH**

# Correspondence

## Labor Congress in Canada

**EDITOR:** Having followed AMERICA's reporting of the fight against communism in U. S. trade unions, I feel that its readers may be interested in our Canadian experiences.

Ordinarily, newspapers take casual notice of Canadian labor conventions, but this year they found their headlines for a whole week in the meetings of the Trades and Labour Congress (AFL) in Victoria, B. C., and of the Canadian Congress of Labour (CIO) in Toronto. Among many vital issues, the rejection of communist leadership was undoubtedly the most far-reaching and the most heartening to the friends of labor. In Victoria, the TLC was faced with the kind of snarled situation that Communists love; but the convention patiently separated problems of union discipline and autonomy of the Canadian Congress within the AFL from that of the rejection of communism. Whatever the final result of other votes, the censure of Communists was complete.

At Toronto, fighting Pat Conroy declared that the CCL executive will work till it cleans the Communists out of the labor movement in Canada. And despite solid opposition from the United Electrical Workers, the Fur and Leather Workers and a few lesser groups, the Congress went on record 10-1 in favor of the Marshall Plan and Canada's role in the Plan "as a symbol of generosity . . . and . . . the basis for a lasting peace." By the same majority the delegates passed a fourfold resolution:

1. We condemn the totalitarian activities in Soviet Russia and its satellite nations. We protest most vigorously the incarceration in Buchenwald and other concentration camps of leading European trade unionists and democrats because they will not submit to communist destruction of the free labor movement.

2. We condemn most vigorously the inhuman and aggressive blockade of Berlin, the only purpose of which can be the systematic starvation of its citizens in the interests of Russian military expansion.

3. We greet the formation of the Western Europe democratic defense alliance and urge that Canada indicate its readiness to participate in an Atlantic Defense Conference against spreading totalitarianism.

4. We . . . in strong and urgent language, call upon the United Nations

to put its house in order and become an effective and militant agency for the peace of the world, as against those whose activities constitute a menace to it.

Incidentally, both federations elected as officers men who will carry out the resolutions against communism.

Toronto, Ont. **PAUL MALONEY**

## Apropos the Nation ban

**EDITOR:** A Manhattan board of Rabbis has protested the showing of the J. Arthur Rank movie, *Oliver Twist*, on the ground that the character of Fagin is so portrayed as to stir up anti-Semitism. If it is all right to suppress movies which are claimed to be anti-Semitic, then it is all right to suppress, on the same grounds—the prevention of religious prejudice—magazines which stir up hatred for Catholics.

**VIRGINIA ROWLAND**

New York, N. Y.

## Wanted: facts

**EDITOR:** Would not some gathering of facts concerning the number of students receiving Catholic college training in Catholic social principles, especially the encyclicals, help to solve the controversy which appeared in the letter "Reply to Mr. Grace," on p. 28 of your October 9 issue?

Could not some organization gather facts concerning the number of students receiving such education? Could not factual articles be published in your columns or in appropriate magazines dealing with such topics?

If participants in the controversy are basing their statements on facts, I am sure that there are some of us who would like to read the facts. For instance, are 70 per cent of our laity "living exponents of Catholic teaching . . . who owe their knowledge . . . to a Catholic education intelligently permeated with the doctrine of the Church developed down to the latest encyclical," as Sister Liguori asserts? On the other hand, how sizable is the group of O'Rourke's pictured in AMERICA by Mr. Dawson (3/6) and Mr. Grace (9/11)?

**WM. G. DOWNING, S.J.**

Omaha, Neb. *Creighton University*

[The opinions expressed by correspondents are their own, and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editors. AMERICA prefers short letters—300 words or less—and merely tolerates long ones.—EDITOR]



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